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Events of the Week.

As we go to press in anticipation of the Easter holiday, we get the report of Mr. Lloyd George's speech to the Commons on the Peace. Detail was almost entirely wanting, and the main texture of the discourse was a plea for reserve, even for charity, of judgment on a work of complete novelty and immense complication. But there was a certain illumination in the phrases. The Prime Minister declared that he would sooner have a good peace than a good press; an excellent maxim, which Mr. George propounds a little late, though not, we hope, too late. His attitude to the inquisition by telegram was expressed in a scornful reference to "a grasshopper," whom we should be loth to identify with Lord Northcliffe. As to Russia, there was to be no "recognition" of Bolshevism. But Mr. George made it very clear that there was also to be no war on Russia. Military intervention would be "the greatest act of stupidity." That at least is a decision of good sense, to which in a very brief space the entire nation will be rallied.

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It looks as if this war, which was going to end all wars, were not going to bring a peace so much as a shoddy sort of war-substitute. It is not yet clear what annexations Italy, Japan, and Roumania will be allowed to make, but the settlement with Germany is resolving itself into solid fact. The Saar Valley with its rich mineral deposits is to be cut off from Germany and administered independently by a Commission of Five, three of whom are to be appointed by the League of Nations, one by France, and one by the district itself. France is to enjoy the produce of the mines for fifteen years, at the end of which term a *plébiscite* is to be taken, and the population allowed to determine its own nationality. As one correspondent aptly puts it, the inhabitants of the Saar area are to be granted a "twenty per cent. self-determination," a lamentable come-down for an association of Great Powers that rhetorically asserts the right of every nationality, big and small, to determine its own Government. It is difficult to see what right an unconstituted League of Nations has to take over the administration of a population without even taking its wishes into account. And is the League

of Nations going to guarantee that the political conditions of the Saar Valley shall remain as they were when the Armistice began, that no Germans are expelled, and that French workmen are not systematically "settled" there? A strike has already occurred in the Saar Valley, and it is instructive to note that the French authorities intend to try the strikers by court-martial. Such a "settlement" is mere disturbance of the peace.

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THE question of reparation is in a somewhat different plight. The amount is not to be fixed, but the "Times" assesses it at about £12,000,000,000, and hints that the payment is to be spread over fifty years. We are fully aware of the extremely crucial state of French and Italian finances, and we are alive to the industrial crises that threaten England and America. But none of these troubles can be helped by stripping Germany of every penny that she has saved, and taking from her every penny that she can earn for fifty years or more to come. Russia has shown that the economic ruin of one nation can poison the whole economic complex of the world. Yet Germany is to be offered terms the acceptance of which condemns her to bondage, while their refusal faces her with ruin. How can she possibly accept them? France's demands are largely dictated by her desperation in the face of the bankruptcy which threatens her, and it is not easy to blame her in a choice between the devil and the deep sea. The blame seems rather to lie with England and America, the two real profiteers of the war, who might easily assure France that she had nothing to fear from the deep sea. But generosity has never been so wanting as in the Conferences of Paris.

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THE League of Nations Covenant has now been put into its final form for presentation to the Peace Conference, and will shortly be published. The new text is said to contain twenty-six articles, and it would seem that they have been formally rearranged. It is doubtful whether any real progress has been made. The new draft has the good points of the old one, such as the delimitation of armaments, the communication of naval and military programmes to the League, the submission of all international disputes to the Council's arbitration, and the refusal to consider any treaty binding that has not been approved by the League. These clauses promise to do away with some abuses, and, potentially, with secret diplomacy, if not actually. But this draft still has the faults of the first. To begin with, it talks of the five Great Powers who are to form the Council. These we take to mean the United States, France, Italy, Japan, and our own country. This means, then, that the League will substitute for the old individualism or sovereignty of States the hegemony of an alliance which owes its position to the fickle chances of military preponderance. The governor of the future is not to be democracy, but plutocratic oligarchy.

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THE Council's decisions have to be unanimous. This means that a member of the Council with a grudge against any State concerned in a matter under arbitration can

withhold the action of the League to the detriment of that State. It gives a great power, such as Japan, for example, the right to veto any felicitous policy on the part of the League with regard to Russia or China; similarly with France and Germany. Again, to gain admittance to the Council, a State has to obtain a majority in the Assembly, and the unanimous vote of the Council. The merest reflection shows the grave arguments against this exclusive right of veto. Further, States who are not members of the League will be invited to accept the obligations of the League, but can be coerced if they refuse. Thus, if the League contemplates action against Russia, its armies can march through Germany; or if the latter is to be beaten, then Switzerland and Holland are to be deprived of their existing privileges under International Law.

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THE changes would seem to have been made with an eye on American opinion, particularly the exclusion of the Monroe doctrine from the scope of the Covenant. It is doubtful, however, whether this will satisfy America. The old Article 10 still remains practically unaltered, pledging the signatories to guarantee one another against foreign aggression. America broke a century-old tradition to intervene in the European War. She did it with tremendous reluctance and for high moral reasons. The tradition is strong and will easily heal the wound, but an Article 10 would prevent it doing so. For America then, Article 10 stands or falls by a clean peace. And we do not see America defending with her blood annexations that have not been confirmed by the annexed peoples.

* * *

By far the most hopeful feature of the week is the plan of an expedition under Dr. Nansen, to organize relief in Russia. This opens up many possibilities of a settlement, for Dr. Nansen will surely have to establish some sort of relationship with the Lenin Government. It is to be hoped that this will be done by means of an armistice, which would relieve both ourselves and our Allies on the Russian border of a military burden that has long been irksome in the extreme. Nor is there any valid reason why this should not be done, for the much-discussed report of Messrs. Bullit & Steffens plainly shows that the Lenin Government is ready to come to terms and to make considerable concessions. A League of Nations must necessarily concede to Russia the right to have the Government that it desires, and there is evidence enough now that Lenin is perfectly ready to abide by the result of a fair *plébiscite* taken after the withdrawal of all armed forces, and to accept any preference for independence that any of the outlying provinces of Russia might show. Moreover, the statement by a prominent Norwegian Socialist, who has just returned from Petrograd, gives elaborate details of the concessions secured by the Hannevig group for the building of a great railway from Obi in Siberia to Petrograd and Archangel, on terms vastly better than those offered by the Tsarist or the Kerensky Governments.

* * *

THE truth of this concession has since been denied by representatives of the Hannevig concern, but this does not matter. It is the political significance of the fact that calls for remark. The concession, according to this Norwegian Socialist, was recognized in principle by the Soviet Government, and several prominent Bolsheviks declared that they were obliged to let the capitalists of other countries help to exploit the country. In short, Lenin needs foreign capital. As this Norwegian

Socialist points out, this fact contains a message of foreign policy to Entente capitalists, and it is a grave matter of internal policy that Lenin's Government feels itself obliged to create a new capitalism to develop the economic life of Northern Russia.

* * *

THE tremendous turnover at the Hull election, which destroyed a Tory majority of 10,371 and replaced it by a Liberal majority of 917, was incidentally celebrated at Sir Walter Runciman's dinner to Mr. Asquith. The answering speech was an able critical survey of the Liberal case for the destruction of the coupon system and a return to Liberalism with "united tongues and hands," coupled with the restoration of free trade and personal freedom, and a war on extravagance, "boodles," Irish coercion, and (we hope) conscription. So far so good. Unfortunately, Mr. Asquith said nothing of the peace, as to which public opinion (*videlicet* Hull) is re-forming itself on lines of admirable clearness, and on the equally vital question of Russia. Why should not Mr. Asquith have firmly vetoed the Russian war? He was not responsible. Opinion in the Army, and out of it, is becoming strong to violence against it; so much so that the fall of the Government which persists in it is the least of the public changes that it threatens. Why, then, does not Liberalism LEAD? Liberalism is not a statement of a case; it is an act of continual realisation of a political idea.

* * *

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT's pronouncement in the "Times" for Dominion Home Rule, and his contemptuous repudiation of Mr. Macpherson and all his works and words, is much the most important individual declaration of the week. Sir Horace is, after all, the most representative of living Irishmen of the governing class. For a generation he has been the stand-by of enlightened, progressive Unionism. He knew all the parties, the machinery of government, the political desires and impulses of the hour. And he was the Chairman of the Convention and the leader of the search for a moderate Home Rule settlement. Now he declares that "unless an immediate settlement is reached, the country will shortly become ungovernable either by England or by Ireland itself," and that such a settlement must give Ireland the status of a self-governing Dominion, Ulster coming in with "provincial rights." Partition, under the system of county option, Sir Horace rules out as obsolete and impossible, there being to-day, as always, "but one Ireland." The difficulties in this, the only alternative to an Irish Republic, are defence and finance, and it is clear that Sir Horace thinks that both can be got over. Here, therefore, is the latest revolt of Irish statesmanship. It seems to us a last blow at the Jericho wall of Unionism.

* * *

THE latest reports from Egypt suggest that, thanks to the policy so far pursued by General Allenby, there is a lull in the disturbances. But there is certainly no reason for concluding that the trouble is over. It is more probable that it is only just beginning, and that the question whether it will take constitutional or unconstitutional form depends on the policy pursued by the British Government both here and in Egypt. The disturbances, of course, arose immediately out of the arrest and deportation of the national leaders who had been chosen to present the case of Egypt to the British people. The action of General Allenby in securing the immediate release of these leaders, as well as permission for them to proceed to Europe with the Egyptian

Prime Minister, is a wise and necessary step. It retrieves a criminal blunder, though only after British and Egyptian lives have been needlessly sacrificed. It does not, however, strike at the root cause of the unrest. The deportations only took place because the national leaders had been chosen to lay before the people of this country the causes for dissatisfaction and unrest. If unrest is to be removed, and worse than unrest prevented, we must take stock of the whole position of British administration in Egypt, and of the status of Egypt as a national community.

AN attempt is being made to represent the national leaders who are now coming to this country as self-appointed and irresponsible extremists. Not only does this square very ill with the fact that the Egyptian Prime Minister refused to come to this country himself unless the national leaders were allowed to come too: it squares still less with the fact that they were popularly chosen by two million signatures, and that the number would have been very much greater if the military authorities had not interfered with the elections. In fact, the deputation which is now on its way, if not completely representative, is probably as representative of national feeling as any body that could be chosen. Reinforced by the authority of the Egyptian Prime Minister, it certainly has the right to demand the full attention of the British people. Of course, no national movement in a country in which the level of education is low can be completely representative of all classes. But can we say that our national leaders are as representative as that?

THE situation in Egypt during the war has been peculiar in several respects. Egypt declared war on Germany as if she were an independent Power. When the Turkish suzerainty was denounced on Turkey's entry into the war, a British protectorate was formally substituted for it, on the understanding that this was a temporary measure, and that the whole position would be re-considered at the end of the war. Throughout the war the Egyptians have been kept quiet by their own leaders on the understanding that grievances, rapidly as they multiplied, would be remedied at the end of the war. Forced recruiting for the Egyptian Labor Corps led to great dissatisfaction, the Egyptian Assembly has not been allowed to meet throughout the war, there is the most stringent censorship of news and opinions, and native newspapers and political discussion are not allowed at all in the State schools. Profiteering has been prevalent, and the profits have largely gone to foreigners. Nevertheless, there has been practically no trouble in Egypt during the war, or until the Home Government intimated that it had not time to discuss with the Egyptian Prime Minister. Finally the National leaders were deported. Then, and not till then, the disturbances began.

It is represented in this country that the movement behind the disturbances is religious, pro-Turkish, anti-Armenian—anything but national. That it is not religious appears from the fact that Copts and Mohammedans are closely co-operating, and that the national deputation includes a number of Copts. The charge that it is pro-Turkish appears to be based on the misstatement that the Turkish flag has been used in deputations; it is, in fact, the Egyptian flag that has been used. That the disturbances have been to some extent anti-Armenian is true; but this is said to arise from the fact

that the Government habitually employs Armenians as spies. Stress has been laid upon the adherence of Bedouins; but then the deported leaders include the most prominent of the Bedouin nationalists. In fact, there seems little doubt that the movement began as a political protest against the deportations, and exists now as a demand for some form of national self-determination.

WITHOUT suggesting ultimate remedies, we make certain proposals for immediate adoption in continuance of the moderate policy already pursued by General Allenby—the relaxation of the censorship and the restoration of freedom of discussion, the summoning, at the earliest possible moment, of the National Assembly, the stoppage of all forced recruiting, the early abandonment of martial law. Besides these measures, we suggest that there ought to be a full inquiry into the Egyptian situation, with reference both to the immediate disturbances and the loss of life that has resulted from them, and to the future status and organization of Egypt. Moreover, representative Egyptian leaders should be afforded the fullest opportunity of taking part in this inquiry. We must not make, in relation to Egypt, the tragic blunders which we have made in our dealings with Ireland. If we do, not only shall we play a guilty and hypocritical part; we shall also be confronted with the maintenance of another permanent army of conscripts in a foreign country. The British people will not stand that.

AFTER Egypt, India. Grave disturbances broke out at Amritsar, the important Punjab city and the religious capital of the Sikhs, on April 11th, and were accompanied by similar outbreaks, though of a less violent character, at Lahore, at Ahmedabad, in the Bombay Presidency, and even in Bombay itself. At Amritsar three British banking agents were killed, and the official report suggests a deliberate crime. But the trouble had been brewing some time before, although the first hint that the British public received was in the morning papers of April 15th. The actual demonstration of resentment goes back to April 6th, which had been proclaimed by the revolutionary leader, Mr. Gandhi, as a "day of humiliation," in protest against the Rowlatt Bills, and it had been generally observed.

THE Rowlatt Bills give the Governor-General in Council the right to invest the police with special powers of search and arrest in districts disturbed by seditious agitation. They are bitterly resented both by the Hindu and by the Moslem population, which had confidently and rightly looked to a period of liberalism as a reward for their loyalty during the war. A policy of passive resistance to these bills was forthwith begun. It is plain that the seed of the trouble lies much deeper than the Rowlatt Bills; it is connected up most intricately with recent developments in Egypt, and the Entente's policy in Turkey, and perhaps the most significant feature of the whole disturbance in India was the joint Moslem-Hindu service in the Juma Masjid at Delhi. The fact that the most serious rioting took place in the Sikh capital is almost as grave, and points to a recurrence of disaffection among the Sikhs. We await further news with anxiety. It will soon be too late for the mandarins in authority over India and over Mr. George's Government to stand out of the road and let the long-delayed reforms go through.

Politics and Affairs.

THE PASSION OF EUROPE.

WE wonder how many celebrants of the Passion ask themselves why it happened, or attempt to relate their own age and life to events that tradition associates with Good Friday and Easter Sunday. Yet there is a mystery in the death of Jesus no less than in his birth. He was not declared "enemy of society." He did not propose the destruction of the Roman State or the Jewish Church. He headed no schism and offered no resistance to his capture. Judging by the impression he made on Pilate, his appearance and speech must have been singularly benign. Why, then, was it not perfectly possible for Jesus to go on living? He had friends among all classes of his countrymen, and we are safe, we think, in rejecting the suggestion that he ever dreamed of leading them in the way of violence. Yet he could not go on preaching his message and remain at peace with Church and State. The spiritual antagonism was too great. Would not that be his difficulty to-day? "Christian" Governments have no more use for unworldliness than pagan ones. "A new saint has appeared in the Swat Valley. The police are after him." Would the chief of saints be secure? In what Christian land during the last four years would Jesus not have risked proscription, imprisonment, violence, death? Peasant Russia might tolerate him (though Bolshevism is nearly as far from the Christian temper as the civilization it would destroy), and so might bits of Socialist France, Austria, Germany, and England, as well as masses of men and women who have no fixed creed at all. But most of the members of most of the Churches and of all the States that this week celebrate his Passion would re-enact it unless the fact of his Second Coming were miraculously revealed to them. This is not to imply that our re-paganized world is destitute of virtues. Only they are not the virtues which, from their special association with the character and teaching of Jesus, we describe as Christian. Most of them can be found in Aristotle or Marcus Aurelius.

With one qualification. The Christian conscience, once formed, cannot be eradicated. If it is not strong enough to make us happy by our conformity with it, it can make us profoundly miserable through our refusal to practise what we are taught, and our inability to stifle what we know to be true. So long as the rule of force was the religion of the world, it carried the seal of all but one or two rare intelligences. But now, in the face of its failure, comes the remorseful conviction that if we had only acted as we had been taught, and as our deeper instinct prompted us, the war need never have happened. The problem of the "criminal nation" would have presented no more difficulty to a Christian society than the harlot and the publican to its founder. "The war," said Mr. Garvin recently, "was a war about food supply and raw materials." There would be enough for all, said Tolstoy, if only people would consent to a fair division of the world's wealth. And just as no man, be he good or evil, need be poor, ill-fed, or overworked, so no nation, after the experiences of this war and the blockade, need suffer any disqualification on account of its supposed want of virtue. All have suffered horribly at each other's hands. All, after their tumult of passion, and its fearful rebound on the young and the innocent, must feel more or less sick or sorry or disillusioned. The game of self-righteousness is up.

But that is an immense gain. It is neither

necessary nor just to associate the vileness of war with depreciation of the soldier, or to found on it an implacable quarrel with the nature of man. War, with all its villainy, is a form of personal sacrifice. It is not man's wickedness so much as the misdirection of his virtues that is the trouble. Why need the Christian world have died when what Mr. Wells calls the "undying fire" lives in his breast and is able to quicken it to an undreamt-of richness of experience? Must modern society always have its heart in the wrong place, always be too scared of life to enjoy it? But so it is. Yesterday Germany was the terror; to-day it is Bolshevism; everywhere the vague menace of inimical force hangs suspended over the feast. Yet to the mass of men this threat is barely understood until race-hatred comes in to reinforce the perverted rationalism of war. Dumdrudge fights not with Dumdrudge. A Communist State would probably never go to war with another, though two Socialist States might. And it would be possible to imagine a perfectly peaceful internationalism among States whose life was founded on a just division of economic power without and of the means of social happiness within.

These, then, are the real problems of statesmanship. But they are insoluble if we approach them in the spirit of Berlin in 1914 or of Paris in 1919. A God must mingle in the game of life if the children that we are are not to quit it with torn faces and bloody hands. The consequences of a misguided decision, a bad and unappeasable spirit in the re-settlement of the world's affairs, may be almost fatal to life on the Continent which remains, for all the changes of time, the centre of civilization. We shiver at the very name of Bolshevism, though we hardly know what it means. But some of us do know, and if we do not know we can read, what her Hundred Years' War with England made of medieval France, and the Thirty Years' War of Europe. These acts of desolation were the work of Governments. To-day Governments have made almost as obscene a wreck of Germany, Russia, Poland, and the Near East. How much worse would it be if these peoples chose the enforced communism of Bolshevik Russia? Doubtless if it escaped a preliminary blood-bath, the world would be bound to lose much elegance, comfort, and elaboration of thought and living. But it might ultimately rise again, as Arnold imagined a joyful and childlike world arising from the wreck of Roman Imperialism. If we gladly picture a less absolute and catastrophic idealism than this, let us at least figure a world sick of hatred, able to understand and to forgive, and willing to put common hands together to rebuild the heap of rubble that was once its home. In that act health will return. But if the Christian spirit is extinguished in the governing classes, and fails altogether to appear in the instruments they fashion for the conduct of affairs, they will cease to govern, and State society will assume a new form. For, after all, Jesus, whatever we think of him, was right, and he died merely because the world, which was wrong, would not agree with him, and saw ruin in the word he had uttered for its salvation. Unhearkened, that word did ruin it. It may ruin us.

BECAUSE THEIR DEEDS ARE DARK.

THE gleams of light shed this week upon "the secret covenants of peace secretly arrived at" by the four autocrats at Paris afford to a world in travail little promise of the birth of a new and lasting international order. The revised form of the Covenant of the League of Nations shows few material amendments of the defects in the earlier draft. The same impaired faith in inter-

national co-operation is conveyed by the explicit assertion that the decisions of the League must, save in a few specified cases, be unanimous ones. That condition places the welfare of the world-society at the mercy of its worst and most selfish member. Nowhere is the breath of democracy allowed to enter this League of Governments. There is no provision to achieve the abolition of conscription or even the reduction of armaments, for all plans to secure this end come to the several States as mere "suggestions" for their adoption or rejection as they choose. The constitution of the League, loose almost to unintelligibility in the composition of its parts, remains clamped in iron bonds by the provision that amendments require the approval of all the members of the Council. This stiff insistence upon absolute sovereignty is a frank admission of the feebleness of the international spirit in its present incarnation.

Such defects, however, we would agree, are not incurable, and are not fatal to the emergence of a League which might acquire the more finished virtues of co-operation when time and the necessities of a peaceful life breed confidence among its members. The true and final test of the validity of the arrangements is whether the League of Allies and Associated Powers honestly means to transform itself as soon as possible into a full society of equal nations. The new draft here contains a word of hope in the express declaration that the number of Powers represented not merely in the Body of Delegates, but in the Executive Council, may be increased. This appears to contemplate the possibility of the early admission of Germany and Russia, so soon as these nations have stable Governments. Now we have maintained from the start of this discussion that the vital interests of the world demand the immediate or the early inclusion of these States, not as an act of grace or generosity, but for obvious reasons of security. For a League which left them in outer darkness is no League of Nations. It is merely a reassertion of the balance of power. It compels the outsider to combine as best he may for his political, economic, and, in the last resort, his military defence. There can be no tolerable peace for Europe unless the Central Powers are brought into the League on terms of equality with the others. The new draft just leaves the door open to this possibility of peace, and a firm offer of such an entrance, with an instant removal of all economic embargoes and disqualifications is the one hope for the restoration of political and social order in this half-ruined and all-distracted world.

But the Covenant of the League cannot be detached in its effect from the terms of peace. If a genuine League be intended, the terms imposed upon the enemy must be such as will make it possible for a German Government and people to seek membership, not such as must deter them. Now, two of the semi-officially reported terms of peace, if correctly given, are absolutely incompatible with Germany's membership of the League, either now or in the future. Members of the League are bound "to respect one another's territory and political independence." That is to say, the League's business may be to defend a shameless arrangement by which the Saar Valley and its German inhabitants are forcibly, and in flat violation of Mr. Wilson's principle of "self-determination," to be torn away from their country and, under a sham autonomy, handed over body, soul, and substance, to their triumphant enemy as spoils of war. If this scheme holds, the reasonable claim that France should take part of the reparation justly due to her in German coal, whether from the Saar or from other German coalfields, will have been distorted into a policy of plunder and forcible annexation. For the provision

of a referendum of the population, after long years of French occupation with a continuous ownership and working of the mines, is thin cover for an act of robbery. Such a deed is bound to rankle in the breasts of German patriotism as bitterly as the plunder of Alsace-Lorraine did in the breast of France. For the assignment of the Saar coalfields to France in perpetuity, to be operated either by German miners or by French imported substitutes, amounts in effect to annexation. The pretence of conveying the government to the League of Nations will deceive no one. For the League must appoint a mandatory power for its administration. Can any other Power than France be chosen for this task? And after fifteen years of such trusteeship, what will be the worth of a referendum? Naked annexation would be preferable to such a fraud. How could Germany ever enter a League pledged to a scheme of slow but deliberate alienation of German soil and a German population? And, we may add, how can America set her approval to this obvious evasion of her principles?

But suppose Germany to be so broken in spirit as to acquiesce? What is to be said of the terms by which reparation for material damages is translated into a demand for indemnities so huge in amount, and so onerous and lingering in their process of extraction, as to bleed her white for two generations of "peace"? That any German Government could possibly accept and fulfil such an obligation needs no argument. We can imagine why this ludicrous proposal should be scheduled. Electioneering pledges are coming home to roost. So an attempt may well be made to feed the hopes falsely generated last November. But why even table the impossible? These massive sums, or the goods they represent, cannot be got. Men are not like bees or hens, willing to go on producing wealth which is continually taken from them. And the threat of this exaction, or the endeavor to enforce it, must keep Germany permanently seething with resentment and unable to attend either to political stability or to industrial peace. Utter such a verdict and it will surely be the signal for a fresh outbreak of disorder. The Allies will be confronted with a Germany that will and can sign nothing and pay nothing except what is taken from her by military force. Now there have been in France these many months statesmen and organs of opinion that have urged this very policy (if such it can be called) of desperation. These patriots are not students of the economics of indemnities. They are for territory, for revenge, or for profits, or for all these things together. They will find the men to secure them. But the costs of the process are to be defrayed by the more opulent members of the League, mainly the United States and Great Britain. Is our Government going to be a party to any such arrangement? Or is this project of mountainous indemnities a make-believe to soothe the people's mind, and let them gradually down into the world of realities, in which all this fairy gold vanishes into moonshine?

Anyhow, it is all very dangerous, very silly, and very wicked. For a true peace and a sound League have been within the grasp of statesmen of good will in this and other countries, and the conditions of their attainment have been set in the eyes of all men. A peace without annexations, and with no penal indemnities, could be guaranteed by a League that bore in its bosom, for a gift to a war-racked world, the healing influence of fruitful co-operation. For a brief spell such a vision seemed possible of realization. We want to understand why and how its prophets have been worsted in their struggle. Some men are content with any result if it be called a compromise. They would

cheerfully regard the sacrifice of two commandments, say the sixth and eighth, as fully offset by the keeping of the other eight. But here are two ways opened to the Peace Statesmen. One leads to life, the other to destruction. Which have they chosen? It looks as if they had named the one but chosen the other. If this be so, let Paris beware. For it is a very dangerous time for statesmen thus to dance upon the nerve-strings of humanity. Every people in Europe craves peace, rest, recovery, and a return to the usages of decent life, with an intensity which brooks neither denial nor delay. Let them discover that they have been deceived by deeds done in the dark to their undoing, and the tempest will descend.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE FAR EAST.

IN the discussions proceeding at Paris little or nothing has been heard, and perhaps little or nothing has been thought, about the problems of the Far East. Yet, to a long view, these may well seem the most important of all. In China are four hundred millions of people as capable, industrious, and intelligent as any in the West. In Japan is an active, ambitious population, overcrowded in a poor country, and governed by a militarist autocracy framed on the late German model and dominated by the late German spirit. The militarization of China by Japan is one of the terrible possibilities of the future. It is a possibility to be conjured now or never. And self interests, if no better motive, should prompt the statesmen at Paris to conjure it.

The problem to be dealt with is, briefly, this. China comprises, in its vast area, raw materials of immense value and the most industrious population in the world. On these materials, and on that labor power, the States of the West have long cast covetous eyes and hands. The British began, the French followed, then came Russia, Germany, Japan. The war arrested temporarily the activities of the European States. But Japan exploited the situation to the full. She forced on China treaties which gave her, in effect, political, economic, and military control of the whole area of Northern China. If this control should be sanctioned and extended we shall see the absorption of the Chinese Republic by Japan, and the closing of her door to the trade of all other nations. But the other nations, and especially Great Britain and the United States, would never submit to that. So that, unless the Chinese question is regulated by agreement, and regulated now, a new Armageddon about the Far East is a practical certainty.

What is the remedy? The Chinese naturally see it in the cancelling of the Japanese treaties, and this is what their delegation at Paris is demanding. The treaties ought to be cancelled by agreement, as ought all similar treaties giving to any one Power in China differential political, military, or economic privileges. The difficulty, of course, is that Japan is an ally of the victorious Powers, and expects a *quid pro quo* for her services during the war. And, like France and Italy, she expects it along the old lines of territorial expansion and commercial monopoly. That way lies another war. The only way compatible with peace is the League of Nations way. There should be special agreement under the League dealing with the problem of China, and a special commission to watch over its observance. And this agreement should define the political and economic relations of the members of the League in respect of their position in the Far East. The object should be to avoid all extension of political control, and to prepare the way

for the abolition of that which now exists. China is not a Turkey nor an Egypt, and any attempt to reduce her to such a position must end in disaster. Extra-territoriality, and the control of the Customs and the salt tax should be regarded as temporary devices to be maintained only until China has acquired a stable form of government and trained and competent native administrators. China, like Japan, should stand upon her own feet. Japan won this right by force, the only thing which hitherto the Western States have respected in their dealings with the East. China should win it in peace by the League.

But the exclusion of special political privileges for foreign States does not imply the rupture of economic relations. That is not possible, nor is it desired by Chinese patriots. China needs Western capital and Western skill to develop her vast resources, and she will, of course, have to pay a fair price for it. But the price should not take, in the future, as it has done in the past, the form of political and economic serfdom. That is unjust to China and also dangerous to the peace of the world; since it involves competition between the Great Powers for the hegemony over China, or parts of it. The problem is so to regulate the commercial activities of the different nations that neither shall injustice be done to China nor political friction arise among the members of the League. That problem will certainly not be easy to solve; but it can be solved, with good will, and it must be solved if the League is to be a reality. The solution that seems to be favored by some Chinese patriots is free competition for loans, concessions, and the like between the nationals of different States. And this, of course, is the method that would be applied were China treated as Western States are treated. The difficulty is that there is not sufficient confidence in the stability of the Government or the purity of the administration in China to tempt capitalists to venture there without some guarantee that their Government will support their contract rights in case of need. For some time probably, such guarantee will be necessary, if China is to obtain the financial and technical assistance she needs. But the guarantee, as long as it is necessary, should be joint, and given by the League. Such an arrangement would be, in fact, a development of the consortium which existed before the war between the six Great Powers interested in China whereby they dealt jointly with loans and concessions, distributing them among themselves by agreement and excluding unauthorized outsiders. There were, it is true, very real objections to this arrangement from the point of view of China, since she could not go to seek the cheapest offer in the open market. What China presumably would wish would be that, within the general regulations laid down by the League, she should be free to make her own contracts under conditions of open competition. But probably the members of the League would not rise to the disinterestedness required for this, and would insist that the lucrative concessions and contracts to be obtained in China should be apportioned by agreement among the nationals of the different States, regardless of the best and cheapest service to China. That, at any rate, is what the consortium did, and it may be the best practicable course. It would certainly be better for China, as well as for the peace of the world, than such economic and political competition between Governments as has led to the Japanese treaties, and would lead, in the end, to a world war.

However this matter may be settled, it is essential that it should be settled, one way or another, and settled by a commission of the League, on which China should have a representative. The corollary is that the Japanese treaties, and all treaties reserving special privileges for

special States, should be abrogated by agreement. Japan would be put thereby in no worse position than other States. She would get such share in the economic development of China as she may deserve by her ability to serve China's needs. She does not need more, and she should not ask more. Nor should any nation.

The case of China is a test case for the League. For it raises the most vital of all questions, that of economic relations of the member States. We have heard from Paris ominously little on this subject. There is talk of mandates. Are these, or are they not, to contain an "open door" clause? Or is the mandatory State to be allowed to monopolize the economic opportunities of the territory entrusted to it? In the latter case, no League will ensure peace. The capitalist interests of the world have an enormous responsibility resting on them. And there is no evidence that they understand it. To all appearance, their conception is that commercial competition is still to be political competition, and that a dominating political position is to be exploited to secure economic monopolies and privileges. Such a conception is fatal to peace. For what did these captains of industry and financiers "give" (as the phrase goes) the lives of their sons? For a better world? Or to put money into their pockets? The issue is plain and simple once it is disentangled from sophistries and confusions. We can have peace and maintain civilization, or we can have political competition for markets and concessions and destroy it. The business interests of the world will largely determine this issue since they exercise, for the moment, a political power that is practically unchecked. They have peace and war in their hands. But if they pronounced for war their term of power will be short. The menace of Bolshevism is at their heels.

THE MEANING OF HULL.

NEVER in political history has a by-election caused such sensation as the contest at Hull. The papers are noisy with protest, or excitement, or recrimination. The one element common to all is acceptance of the result as a real and not a transitory verdict. Obviously it represents (with Leyton) national reaction against the Government. Nobody in his wildest dreams, whether desirous of this reaction or dreading it, could have anticipated so severe a set-back in so short a time. But he would be mistaken who regarded it as merely the awakening of the electorate after a drunken sleep. There is, of course, disgust of the Coalition in it. There is the sense of having been tricked in the most scandalous of "khaki" elections. There is distrust of the present Prime Minister, and profounder distrust of his confederates, who during his absence have been fretting and strutting their hour upon the stage. The fretting of Mr. Bonar Law and his ageing Tory colleagues is, perhaps, less intolerable than the strutting of Mr. Churchill and the rest of the younger renegades. But the elections reveal more than contempt of the methods of the one, and disgust of the methods of the other. Since the paralysis of the war the national mind is slowly recovering. It is beginning a survey over the whole field. It is taking stock of the new world in which the present generation is doomed to live. The newspapers, "kept" or unkept, no longer exercise their dictatorship. Leyton and Hull are not ends. They are beginnings. They are signs of a reviving consciousness. Freedom has come back into the world.

Liberalism has reaped the immediate harvest, and rightly; for Liberalism, dominant abroad, has been flaunted and trampled on at home. Yet it would be a profound mistake to interpret this as a mere party victory: a campaign of the "Outs" against the "Ins."

Here is a change much deeper than that ordinarily denoted by a "Conservative," a "Liberal," or a "Labor" victory. Commander Kenworthy has described how, in what he was told was an "impossible" contest, he defiantly proclaimed his adhesion to the "impossible" causes. No town has suffered from the war more than Hull. It has been cruelly bombarded from the air. It has seen its Continental trade ruined. It has suffered with unusual severity in military and naval casualties. One would think it would be the centre of a special and peculiar "hate." But the result was entirely different, and so would be the results in all the industrial centres. The people were determined to "win the war." They were determined that their enemies should be beaten. They are equally determined to-day on Peace. And the best disclosure at Hull is that the peace they want is certainly not a peace of revenge. They have no joy in the death of the women and children of their late enemies. The successful candidate appealed for the raising of the blockade. He asked for the feeding of the neutrals and for the feeding of the starving populations of our late foes. He asked for this as one who fought in the war. He declared that he represented in this policy hundreds of thousands of those who had fought in the war. He declared against a Germany beaten out of the family of nations. He represented the folly of cutting off the whole of our North Sea trade with Germany and Russia at the time when the unemployed in our streets were mounting up to millions. Hull represents a deliberate reaction from Paris. In so far as Mr. Lloyd George is fighting for moderation and a permanent comity of nations to prevent war, this is a message to strengthen his hand. It is the exact opposite in character of the grotesque telegrams from the Claude Lowthers and Kennedy Joneses. The Prime Minister seems to be wrestling with the careless stupidity of his election promises. As usual, he thought only for the moment; and for the moment he triumphed. Had he gone to Paris unpledged, as he could have gone, this terrific fight over indemnity need never have occurred. France and Belgium could have been appeased with restoration for injury done. Germany could have been re-started as a Socialistic Republic to pay for that restoration. The new progressive forces in all nations could have come together. "How the immoralities of my youth," cried Mirabeau, "hinder the public good." "How the immoralities of my election," might be Mr. Lloyd George's cry, "hinder a just and lasting peace." But Hull has shown him that the right course is also the popular course. These futile demonstrators are of the day only. They merely represent a descent into blind avenues.

And the same lesson from Hull comes also against conscription and the futile and tragic Russian expeditions. Commander Kenworthy denounced the whole of our Russian policy. Hull has sealed its doom. While Mr. Churchill is playing with Gallipoli expeditions in the frozen North, and Lord Curzon is explaining that British Armies are needed from the Baltic to the Black Sea to occupy seemingly Esthonia, Lithuania, Hungary, Bohemia, and Rumania, the British people are declaring that they will have none of it. They are defiantly resistant of conscription. They are equally resistant of "little wars." They are against "little wars" in themselves. And they know that "little wars" mean inevitably "great wars." The present condition of Russia is the product of centuries of misrule. The existing conditions, however terrible to contemplate in murder and misery, are the inevitable process of change towards something better. That change can only be made more disastrous by foreign invasion. The

"Times" was working up inflammatory demands for Bolshevik destruction at the moment of the Hull election. The Government assisted the campaign by sensational statements of atrocities or alleged atrocities. Patriots like Mr. Clement Edwards stirred the muddy waters of Parliament. Hull has scattered the whole crowd. It has given a verdict, unchallenged and resolute, from a constituency which hitherto has voted Tory for over thirty years that whoever else set themselves to the task of reversing the Russian Revolution, it shall not be the people of these islands.

Other things helped also, and they were good things. Neither Hull nor Leyton was won merely by those appeals to self-interest which appear to be the hall-mark of the new electioneering. Neither of the new Radical members promised a new Heaven and Earth. Neither went to Parliament with the handicap of having offered

the electors a contradiction in terms—a Utopia of materialism. These elections were largely won on impersonal ideals. Commander Kenworthy had no reluctance in bringing forward the question of Ireland. No man's pocket in Hull would be directly affected by any change in Irish policy. But his denunciation of the blind rule of coercion found a welcome in Hull from British as well as Irish working-men. Even the appeal to local selfishness failed of its effect.

The result of these extraordinary disclosures on the public mind must be far reaching. They show that the people will have nothing to do with the "adulterous alliance" which is ruling England. But they show more than this. They reveal a movement amongst the mass of the electors which is likely to gather momentum with each successive month of the present dispensation. The age of shams is departing. We are getting back realities.

FROM TWO WORLDS.

I.—THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT has known America for forty years. He has just left New York after spending some weeks in the States, and his parting message is that he has never known the country so united in a desire to see justice done to the national aspirations of Ireland. I have visited America more than thirty times in twenty years, and I am perfectly certain that Sir Horace Plunkett is right. We may be able by tact and forbearance on both sides to maintain a mutual comprehension and toleration between the two foremost nations of the world, but it will be difficult to achieve perfect confidence and durable friendship until we set Ireland free. I was in New York on St. Patrick's Day. Until I went into the streets I did not even know it was St. Patrick's Day—for I have never given the celebration the slightest thought or attention. But there was no escaping the great Irish festival in New York. Scores of thousands of people wore green badges and Irish flags. Fifth Avenue was blocked and the traffic of half the city was paralysed most of the day by the gigantic procession of 40,000 Irishmen—which included large numbers of soldiers who had fought overseas. There were hundreds of thousands of spectators. A very wonderful grand stand had been erected between Central Park and the millionaire's residences on Fifth Avenue, from which 100,000 people can view the great parades of returning troops. On St. Patrick's Day this stand—extending for two miles along the finest and most fashionable thoroughfare in the city—was packed with enthusiastic and flag-waving spectators. And what was the spirit and meaning of this extraordinary demonstration? I fear its significance was accurately summed up in this headline of a New York evening paper: "Green Flags and Banners Flaunt Denunciation of British Rule of Ireland." The banners displayed in the procession bore such declarations as these: "England: Damn your concessions. We want our country." "Result of British Rule: Irish Population, 1841, 8,196,000; 1901, 4,458,000." "Military despotism is crushing Ireland and keeping our cry for freedom from the ear of the world." "No people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live." The flag of the Irish Republic flew all day over the City Hall in Newark, New Jersey.

I was taken to a theatre in the evening to see a musical play in which a number of girls appeared dressed up to represent the various nations of the world. The girl who represented England was received very coldly;

the girl who appeared as Ireland came on amidst a storm of cheers. It was not the most perfect day for an Englishman to be in New York. A blue-eyed Irish policeman to whom I spoke on Fifth Avenue said, "You English pretend to believe in self-determination. Well, why not give it to Ireland? You know you can't govern white men against their will." And he told me that America has added this to the dictionary of similes: "As easy as a Sinn Feiner getting out of an Irish prison!"

Two days ago I attended one of the weekly luncheons of the League of Free Nations Association at the Hotel Commodore in New York. The subject was the Irish problem, and so intense was the interest that an immense ball-room was uncomfortably crowded and many requests for tickets had to be refused. The proceedings lasted from one o'clock to five—and only ended then because the room was needed for other purposes. We had a calm, cold, moderate statement from Mr. Colum, a Sinn Feiner, and a red-hot, rhetorical oration from Dr. Irvine, an Ulsterman. Then Mr. P. W. Wilson, of the "Daily News," in a clever, well-balanced speech, gave a very fair presentation of the British position. He spoke as a passionate advocate of self-determination for Ireland, and he pointed out that there was now really no difference of opinion on the question whether Ireland should have self-government—except in one place, and that was Ireland. Mr. Wilson drew an outburst of applause when he admitted that the favor shown to Sir Edward Carson and Sir F. E. Smith (no one in America would recognize him as Lord Birkenhead) was an inexplicable mystery and a disgrace to British statesmanship. The most brilliant speech of the afternoon—searching, scathing, sarcastic, and sometimes bitterly anti-English—came from Mr. Francis Hackett, the literary editor of the "New Republic." He asserted that the honor paid to Ulster leaders was the last stand of the Tories in the crucifixion of Ireland. Ireland had been denounced because she would not have conscription, but no one had flung this taunt in the face of Australia and South Africa. He estimated that Ireland had given 500,000 men to the Allied cause, and in the furnishing of food to the Allies Ireland was only second to the United States. Sinn Fein, he contended, was neutral in the war because the principles for which England stood were not applied to Ireland. It was generally acknowledged in the debate that England had spent a good deal of money on Ireland, but the retort was obvious: It doesn't matter how well you treat a people if you violate their nationality.

No subject is being so widely and seriously discussed in America to-day as the League of Nations. Taxi-men quarrel about it in the street, and it is the chief topic of conversation in club smoking rooms and luxurious homes. There is much noisy and persistent opposition, but I think it may be said that the best minds—certainly the younger minds—are in favour of it. The returning soldiers are its passionate advocates everywhere and all the time. They have seen the ragged discords and raging animosities of Europe. They have come out of the desolation and savagery and bloody frenzy of war, and to them war is a supreme madness, a futile anachronism. They know that Europe is inflammable and they do not want any further conflagration. They realize that American isolation is a thing of the past, that their country, although the strongest and safest in the world, is no longer invulnerable, that she cannot keep out of future wars unless there is a League of Nations strong enough to destroy militarism in Europe and ensure a lasting peace. Dr Henry Van Dyke, late American Minister to Holland, says that he was speaking the other day to a crowd of men in a little town in Montana. He asked the question: "What did our boys fight for in this war?" An old grey-haired workman answered with a strong German accent: "To smash de Kaiser. I like to kill him myselluf." A sturdy young soldier beside him said: "We fought to make peace on earth." Mr. Philip Gibbs's most successful lecture in New York was not his lecture on the war. It was an address on the League of Nations delivered in a theatre on a Sunday night to a great crowd of people who had paid from 4s. to 10s. for a seat. He told them that the soldiers in France were always asking questions about the war. How had it come to pass? Why, after centuries of civilization, were they thrust into filthy, vermin-infested holes? Why had statesmen made those silly treaties and damnable alliances without letting the people know what they were in for? And, as Mr. Gibbs pointed out, these men are going back to England and Canada and America, and they are thinking more positively and talking more frankly than they did amidst the agonies of the battlefield, and in this revolt against the great outrage is the motive power of the League of Nations.

Americans are asking many questions to-day, and they are not always easy to answer. They wonder whether our imperialistic ambitions are altogether abandoned. They want to know whether President Wilson's fourteen points are to be torn up into fourteen scraps of paper. They are often irritated by the arrogance of British officials in New York. And they cannot quite understand why, in view of the threatening difficulties and problems caused by a long and tragic war, we endure a government of opportunists and reactionaries. As a friend of mine puts it, it is like a man who after a severe operation and a perilous illness, gets up with shattered nerves and lowered vitality and enters on a course of wild dissipation. And serious Americans express some disappointment that we have made no bold attempt to escape from the slavery of the drink traffic—indeed, that we regard the matter with such levity that we allow a critical general election to be controlled by a brewer. It is not emotional temperance reformers who have persuaded America to go dry, but shrewd women and hard-headed business men, who know that prohibition will lead to finer efficiency, improved health, safety on streets, and railways, empty prisons, and increased prosperity. There is of course, considerable opposition not only from those engaged in the liquor business, but also from a few good men who are against anything that interferes with the liberty of the people. Already, however, certain distilleries have, in sheer despair, gone out of business without

waiting for the fatal 1st of July, and corkscrews are down to five cents. I can give no better indication of the attitude of America to the drink question than the fact that one of the most important and exclusive clubs in New York has this rule, that no drinks shall be served within ten feet of the window of the main room on the ground floor.

We live to-day in a distracted, dislocated world. Europe is fidgety and feverish. The situation is hazardous and threatening. If the work of readjustment and reconstruction is to be successfully accomplished, it must be by the combined efforts of America and Britain—united in a progressive and liberating partnership. Let us see to it that no conflict of interests, no political selfishness, no official arrogance, no moral timidity shall slay the friendship and co-operation of these two great nations. For on their comradeship and unity depends the future of the world.

F. A. A.

II.—A VISIT TO LEMBERG.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the train steamed into Lemberg, fully two hours late. The long sloping street that leads from the station to the city showed traces on every side of the fierce battle that took place there in the early half of November. Whilst the rest of the world was rejoicing at the ending of the Great War, the Poles and the Ukrainians were beginning their own little war. Lemberg had changed hands several times since Austria had presented her ultimatum to Serbia; but it had remained intact throughout all the four years, for neither Austrians nor Russians had bombarded the city nor fought within it. But this once prosperous city of a quarter of million inhabitants is now nearly as badly bruised and battered as many a town in Flanders, and the damage has been done by the fighting of rival troops that but yesterday were united in defending it against the common foe. Not a single building, public or private, has escaped injury, for the machine guns have wrought havoc on every side. The walls look stricken with small-pox, and the windows are everywhere plastered over with paper, for there is no glass to be obtained. The building of the Military Academy stands like a ragged skeleton, bereft of roof and windows; and gaps and bare patches of various sizes meet the eye on every side.

UNDER FIRE.

Crowds of people coming from the city asked us if the train had arrived this morning; they had been to the station so often, only to learn that the train could get no further than Przemyśl. At a street corner I saw a group of shivering women around a water-pump, each struggling in turn with the handle, and then taking away an overflowing pail or jug. It was the only way in which water could be got, for the Municipal water-works, like the electric power station, had been severely damaged, and repair was impossible as long as the fighting continued. A few paces further we came across four or five Ukrainian prisoners, who were being escorted by Polish legionaries: the Ukrainians were a dishevelled band, but the Poles looked equally dejected. We turned into the Karl Ludwig Street, where a number of young children, between the ages of six and twelve, were hawking sweets, cigarettes and newspapers. These tattered merchants—their faces pinched and blue with cold—were Jewish children, many of them orphans, over whom had swept a few weeks ago the horrors of a barbarous pogrom, but who stood eagerly discussing business with one another, and keeping a wary eye open

for customers. "*Lemberger Tagblatt!*" "*Papirossen!*" piped the infant voices irrepressibly, whilst overhead cracked the roar of cannon.

I put up in the Hotel Krakowski, which is reputed to be the most up-to-date establishment in Galicia, but its widely advertised attraction of hot and cold water in every room was belied by the stoppage of the water-supply. The lift was also condemned to rest, and as I tramped up the wide staircase I had a difficulty in realising that the steps were of white marble, so thickly were they overlaid with dirt. The room to which I was shown also bore traces of neglect, and the table was covered with blobs of candle grease. The chambermaid brought up a jug of water from the basement, and offered me a towel which had already been used, with the excuse that there was no clean one left; but when I declared that I would rather leave the hotel she brought me a clean towel which she said was her own.

I hired a sleigh to take me to the house of a gentleman to whom I bore a letter of introduction. The floor of the vehicle was littered with evil-smelling straw, and the youthful, pock-marked driver wore a military tunic. My new friend proposed a short walk before lunch. We strolled through a part of the city in which the damage was much worse than in the long street leading from the station: the General Post Office and the building of the Galician Diet, once adorned with handsome sculptures, have both been battered into wrecks, without windows or roof, but with numberless big gaps in the walls. And wherever we turned we saw broken windows and punctured walls.

"You see those little holes," said my friend. "We call them here 'Wilson's Points.' They have been made with machine-guns; the gaps have been made with hand-grenades. We are now engaged in self-determination, and God knows what and when the end will be."

GOING TO THE FRONT.

We passed a group of young women with close-cropped hair, who strode along in short skirts and full military equipment, with guns slung across their shoulders, some of them in puttees and others in heavy top boots. "Those are some of our Polish Amazons," remarked my friend. "There are about three hundred of them altogether: as brave as men, and some of them more reckless. There are supposed to be thirty thousand Polish troops about here, but there are not more than five thousand at the front. That is why the battle is practically at a standstill."

Presently we came across two or three boys, likewise in full military equipment, who could not have been more than twelve or thirteen years of age. Their guns were almost as big as themselves. They also belonged to the fighting ranks.

As we ascended the stairs to his flat there was a loud crack in the air, which seemed to be quite near. My friend re-assured me; but the next moment he pointed to a little hole in the window of an upper landing. "Two weeks ago a bullet came through there and killed a servant girl on the very spot where we are now."

A MEAL IN A RESTAURANT.

I was conducted back to my hotel in the evening by two friends, one of whom had a revolver in his hip-pocket. It was pitch-dark, and footpads—both civilian and military—had been rather busy lately, but we reached our destination without mishap. The gloom of the large entrance-hall was faintly illumined by a small oil-lamp on the counter of the office, where I

bought a slender candle for four crowns (about three shillings and sixpence) to light my room. "Can I have a candlestick too?" I asked. "You will get a wine-bottle upstairs," was the clerk's reply.

The scene presented by the restaurant belonging to the hotel was picturesquely weird. The candles on the tables, mostly fixed in champagne bottles, revealed a great muster of diners, among whom officers and women predominated. The white epaulettes and red collars of the officers and the variegated toilettes of their lady friends lent a little color to the scene, but the general effect was sombre and depressing. There was a pianist and two violinists on a platform in the corner, who played some merry airs, to which the diners at one of the tables hummed an accompaniment. There was gossiping everywhere, and some flirting, too, with the clinking of glasses, as though in a desperate resolve to banish the spectre of misery. Laughing voices rang out from many a table, which was laden with other bottles than those which acted as candlesticks. "Let us drink and be merry, for to-morrow we shall die," seemed to be the legend writ large on every face. The waiter helped me to choose a modest repast, which amounted to over thirty crowns (about twenty-five shillings), and in the intervals between the courses asked me for my advice how he could reach England or America as soon as the frontiers were free. A buxom, dark-eyed girl sat down unbidden at my table, ordered a liqueur, and began to smoke a cigarette. Presently she asked me if I had known the girl who had been carried that day from the hotel to her grave. "People think she poisoned herself because of some love-affair," she added. "It was simply hunger that drove her to it. I saw her dead face: I shall never forget it." She ordered another liqueur and swallowed it at a gulp. The orchestra was playing a lively Viennese waltz, to which she beat time with her nodding head, and when the music ceased the dull boom of the cannon could be heard in the distance.

"Don't forget to take a bottle of mineral water with you," was the waiter's parting counsel. "The pump water is not fit to drink."

There was central heating in the hotel, but I had to grip the radiator in my room in order to be sure of the fact; and as it was too cold to read or write I went to bed early. Before I retired I opened the door of my wardrobe, so that it might serve as a screen at the head of the bed and break the force of any bullet that might stray through the window.

IN THE TRACK OF THE POGROM.

The next day I was conducted through the streets in which the pogrom had taken place. The traces of the great outrage were still evident in abundance. There were cracked and broken windows, jagged gaps in iron shutters that had been forced open with a bayonet, heaps of *débris* still lying on the floors of some looted shops, which their owners had not the heart to clear away. Some of the windows were pasted over with paper, others were covered with boards. Many shops were still closed; others were beginning to re-open with small stocks. A widow, who had been bereft of her husband in the war, had lost her entire fortune of 30,000 crowns through the plundering of her business. "But at least I am alive," she added. Next door was a shopkeeper who had fought through the war and had defended himself in the pogrom, but his wife had died of fright. Stories of assault, robbery, rape, and massacre assailed my ears from every side as we continued our way through the Jewish quarter, but my fingers were so numbed with the cold that they could not record a tithe of what I

heard. Yet everything paled into nothingness when I came into the street where blocks of houses had been wilfully burned to the ground by means of petroleum brought on military lorries: all that remained were portions of brick walls and the damning charred patch on the front of each house, showing where the firebrand had been laid. A synagogue, too, had been utterly demolished, with its priceless treasures of scrolls of the Law, and ritual ornaments of gold and silver, handed down by the exiles from medieval Spain, and two other synagogues had been despoiled and damaged, and robbed even of their charity boxes. A number of dejected yet expectant folk followed in our train, each anxious to tell his tale of sorrow.

We visited one of the Jewish soup-kitchens at the busiest hour: the stairs were crowded with a hungry throng, old and young, men and women, many in mere rags tied with string. Over two thousand persons were fed there daily with bread, soup, and vegetables, and twice a week with meat also. Many of them, two months ago, were wealthy burghers, with servants of their own; now they were reduced to beggary, but were treated more kindly than ever beggars were. But there seemed not the least prospect that they would ever receive compensation for the losses they had sustained, although the Polish troops had taken the leading part in the pogrom with the aid of machine-guns and hand-grenades. For the Polish military authorities affected to justify the pogrom as a punitive expedition against the Jews for their having, under the dictates of prudence, declared neutrality in the conflict between Poles and Ukrainians. The Jews had also dared to exercise the right of self-determination, and their presumption was visited with swift and savage punishment.

I lunched in a restaurant which had once enjoyed great popularity, but that was before the pogrom. It had been looted from end to end, every scrap of food, every table and chair, even the salt-cellar and ash-trays had been taken away, and the huge mirror on the wall had been so hacked that little remained after the jagged bits had been cut away. The once jovial proprietor had become a monument of melancholy, and many of the former guests went to the soup kitchen. "As soon as the war is over—our war," said the proprietor, "I am going to England or Palestine. Who can stop in Poland? I want to live in peace, not in terror."

A MILITARY SEARCH.

Later in the day I was in the Café Warszawa, among a group of friends who narrated their personal experiences of the pogrom. There were a few dim gas jets, by whose light I took notes. Suddenly I heard a command: "Nobody shall leave the premises!"

A youthful non-commissioned officer with three soldiers had entered, and was carrying out what he called a "revision." The officer said he was in search of deserters, and insisted on examining everybody's documents of identity. Similar bands of soldiers had forced their way into this café, and into others, too, upon a similar pretence. None of them had ever produced a warrant of authorisation, but all were ready to accept a bribe to withdraw. The proprietor's brother protested against this repeated annoyance of innocent guests. The youthful officer at once declared him arrested for having insulted the Polish Army, and the three loutish legionnaires, with fixed bayonets, surrounded their prisoner. The officer completed the examination of the guests, and stared vacantly at the manifold visas on my British passport. But scarcely had he marched off with his prisoner than the proprietor hastened below into the cellar and came back with a bottle of cognac, which he gave to the waiter. The latter rushed out into the darkness, and within two minutes returned—with the liberated prisoner, smiling.

"Isn't it a comedy?" remarked one of the guests.

"A comedy!" indignantly retorted a tall man, with upturned black moustache, who was described to me as a police official in mufti. "They had no warrant to make a search, and you encourage them by corruption!"

"But if they hadn't accepted the cognac, you would have said they had a warrant," replied the proprietor, "and then Heaven knows when I should have seen my brother again."

I stayed in Lemberg three days and a half, and with each succeeding day I became more and more penetrated with the sense of depression that held everybody in thrall. The bitter, biting cold, the dirt and darkness, the famine prices, the lack of amusement—the orchestra at the Krakowski formed the sole entertainment in the city—the isolation from the outside world, the general insecurity, the ceaseless bombardment, all contributed to plunge the inhabitants into the pit of despair. The liberty of small nations, the right of self-determination! What a mockery these words sounded to the innocent sufferers of Lemberg! "If only Wilson would come here for a short time!" they sighed.

At noon on the fourth day I took a two-horsed "droschke" and was driven through a violent snow-storm to the station. I caught a vision once more of battered buildings and broken windows, of saddened faces and bruised souls. The snowflakes scudded through the gaping, grimy windows of the booking-hall, and I sought refuge in the welcome train.

ISRAEL COHEN.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

"I HOPE you'll get in, sir," said a Hull workman to Commander Kenworthy, "for the sake of humanity." It should be clearly understood that that is the first meaning of the election. Mr. George's inquisitors, who want him to crush Germany to the earth, spoke in the name of their constituents. Well, Commander Kenworthy can also speak for his; and he assures me that he told the people of Hull straight away that there was nothing to be got out of Germany but reparation for France and Belgium, and some compensation for the relatives of the sailors her submarines had sunk. But he went a good deal further than that. Hull suffered bitterly from the war. The famous Wilson Line had virtually been wiped out, and the town was bombed again and again. Moreover, Mr. Havelock Wilson and his Union did his utmost to keep their policy of the boycott in being. He wrote a letter in favor of Lord Eustace Percy's candidature, and the local secretary of the Seamen and Firemen's Union appeared on the Tory platforms. Nevertheless, the Commander preached the whole gospel of a good, an early, and a non-revengeful peace, with the marked approval of the soldiers. He denounced the blockade and its war on women and children. He called for the opening of the Baltic. He demanded the cessation of war on the Russian people. He preached the League of Nations, and a drastic amendment of the Covenant. He took the same uncompromising line on domestic politics, where his line was virtually identical with the Labor programme, coupled with a special plea for Irish liberties. In fact, his campaign was a direct counter to the brutalities of the hour, an unhesitating plea for peace, reconciliation, and good-will. I am told that his reception on his return to Hull was a triumph. But the character of his electioneering was a greater victory still.

THE Prime Minister's position has suddenly become one of extreme difficulty. There is obviously a great

change of opinion, the greatest of all, I find on the question of indemnities. The months of wavering at Paris, the cruelties and the follies of the blockade, the universal bar to our trade, while American industry, unleashed, is springing into the field, the wanton extravagance, the coarse militarism of the Churchill speeches, the all-pervading and meddlesome officialism, are telling their tale. Mr. George built on sand, and already his house totters. From the first his vast, ill-gotten majority lacked any element of truth or stability; now it appears for what it is, a formless, purposeless, conscienceless rout. A very able observer said of it to me: "Mr. George has a crowd, but not a team." In reality, he has two crowds—the men of the coupon and the men of the newspapers. Both are in dissolution, and for the first time in his career the Prime Minister has a bad press. The volatile Northcliffe has gone into opposition, and taken a good many of the rest of the tide-waiters with him. Not that they matter. The close of the war has destroyed their power, save for confusion, and now at the end of the debauch, the country looks to its wasted estate, and looks for a serious stewardship. But what could he expect? He should have thought of war between great modern States as essentially an aberration of the mind, and laid his plans for the hour when most of his countrymen would wake up and find it so.

WELL, the way is just open for the recovery which his active mind may already have conceived to be instantly desirable. There is one good British policy; and that is an open and firm union with America to secure and maintain a just peace by and through the League of Nations. There is real power, which, let France and Italy think what they will, must finally accrue to their good. The sham settlement is to give France Germany and Italy Austria. Neither country can hold such a prize. Neither have the money, nor the men, nor the moral force. Both would come to us and America to supply them. Mr. George may just have it in his power to save Europe from a fate so unjust and so absurd. Whatever wrong he may have done to Liberalism, to Labor, to the things that made him, here, in a final service to humanity, he may partly cancel it.

BUT the Prime Minister need not look to smartness to carry him through such a choice as is before him. An absolute success is not possible. He took the American view of the peace too late to be able to negotiate a good settlement on firm lines of internationalism. But at least he cannot ask us to guarantee what he must know will be a bad one. Nor if he helps to give Europe the Hell which French fears, and maybe British acquisitiveness, are preparing for her, need he trouble to furnish it with a suite of pious sentiments. France, we are now told, is to have the Saar Valley, with the League as the shield of hypocrisy. Two generations of Germany are to be assigned as bondsmen to the Entente. And this arrangement is to pass under an Anglo-American guarantee. Well, that is a military, an annexationist, peace; for though territory does not formally pass, power does; and Germany, under a debt of thousands of millions and a French occupation, goes either into slavery or into Bolshevism. I do not see America as an under-writer of that class of "security." Nor this country plunged into a second war to defend such a treaty. Mr. George knows that the England of tomorrow will not move a man or a ship in any such cause. He could not even present it to the England of to-day, with her wounds still fresh upon her.

THERE is another and a wider consideration. France is a very fine country. But at present she is in the hands of the reactionary journalism of Paris. England has therefore no affinities with her existing statesmanship. Her future lies with America. But a union of liberal America with liberal England is also the hope of Europe, the only hope she has left. She can be saved by moderation. But the France of to-day will not look at moderation. The France of to-morrow may. If we were perfectly disinterested, as most unhappily we are not, the task of re-uniting Europe might be pursued with an authority which a hundred Pichons and Pertinaxes could not deny. But there is Egypt and there is Ireland, there is Mesopotamia, and there are the German Colonies. Above all there is Ireland—Ireland—Ireland. Only let her be free and America is won, and a fair peace may be won, too.

"WHEN at a mess attached to Intelligence G.H.Q., in January, 1917" (writes a correspondent) "I picked up an American magazine, the 'Metropolitan,' because it advertized across the top of its cover that it contained the most sensational magazine story ever published. The cover design was the awful face of a character then unknown to me. We all of us recognized it readily enough some months later as Rasputin. Some other print was blacked out of this cover; and I could not find inside anything resembling a sensational story. A friend there laughed, and then I saw he was amused at my want of success. 'The story isn't there.' It was left out on a request made by our Embassy at Washington to the U.S. authorities. It contained some 'frightful revelations' (since made known to the world) of the Russian Court and Russian affairs. Two months later the revolution broke out, and all the world knew what must have been known by the Foreign Office long before. Why cannot we show the same tolerance to the Bolsheviks that we showed to the Imperialists who betrayed us so disastrously? But then, what a foolish question to ask!"

I SUPPOSE in these days one should be glad to have Shakespeare at any price, even that of not being able to hear what he said, or to observe his work as he wrote it. This is the accustomed lot of the British playgoer, and now that we are quit of the competition of the Hun (something of an adept at Shakespearean production) I suppose its inevitable drawbacks may be somewhat accentuated. So I took what comfort I could from Mr. Quartermaine's fine Mercutio, and the delight of seeing Ellen Terry on the stage again, and sat with patience through the new "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyric. I think I should have liked to listen to Juliet's most glorious speech (incidentally a principal key to her character) rather than have had it thoughtfully "withdrawn from publication," as Paternoster Row would say. And I might even have enjoyed Miss Doris Keane's Juliet and Mr. Basil Sidney's Romeo, had I had time to master those artists' system of elocution, and (for instance) could have deciphered more quickly the original of a familiar sentiment which reached my imperfect ear in some such form as this:—

"Aro
Byentherawdsmeswee."

BUT perhaps our actors and actresses will one day be taught to speak English poetry before they try to play English drama, and so in time we may hope to recall the divine William from his enforced seclusion in Hunland. Personally I would rather have him back than the most lavish of indemnities. Even then I should

not advise the home-grown artist to make a trial trip with "Romeo and Juliet."

I SPOKE last week of the scandal of the unpaid rehearsal, and I am glad to see a general concentration of opinion upon it. But is that enough? I doubt whether the proprietary interest in the theatres can be forced to end the scandal merely by the action of the Actors' Union. There is one power which can, and that is Government. Essentially the problem is the same as that of the minimum wage. With the unpaid rehearsal there can be no such standard, and the actual earning power of the average member of the profession can be crushed down far below the limit which we have already fixed for the agricultural laborer. I suggest bringing pressure on the Government. If there be an open door, well and good. If not, a little resolute agitation should force it.

My Irish correspondent writes:—

"You have already referred to the case of the child Timothy Connors, aged 11 years 4 months. On February 10th he was taken possession of on the road outside the Greenane National School when returning from school by seven or eight policemen, a district inspector, and a dozen soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets. He was placed in a military waggon and taken away from any knowledge of his parents. It was understood that he was taken for the purpose of securing evidence from him bearing on the Solobeg head shootings. For the last two months none of his family or friends had access to him or knowledge of his whereabouts. The other day a Habeas Corpus application was made and liberty granted to serve notice of motion. The notice was served on the Chief Crown Solicitor and the Royal Irish Constabulary Authorities immediately. On the same day, and after the service of this notice, the child was put on board the Tipperary train and returned to his parents. When the matter came before the Courts the Chief Justice and the Divisional Court expressed their opinion of the Castle's conduct by giving costs against the Crown."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A PHILANTHROPIC PROPOSAL.

In these perilous days, so big with foreboding, when all the accepted forms and usages of human society are seen to reel and crash, and when, if ever, the poet's words are true:—

"They tremble, the sustaining crags;
The spires of ice are toppled down,
And molten up, and roar in flood;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,
And compassed by the fires of Hell."

In such times, we say, it is exhilarating to hear of laughter, gaiety, and careless joy. The persistence of pleasure shows that all is not lost, but that mankind still thinks it worth while to continue. In the atmosphere of intensified gloom, the mere thought of young frivolity brings refreshment, just as, in "dug-outs" along dangerous trenches, quite serious officers used to pin up pictures of girls with transparent raiment "to buck the fellows up, don't you know!" For remembering happier things is not a sorrow's crown of sorrow so long as one may hope to repeat the happiness. And no doubt society in victorious countries has a similar philanthropic object in view now that it is laying itself out for gaiety.

What are all these "Victory Balls," fashionable bazaars, and promises of a radiant season; what is all this eager plotting of costumes and the appeals even to men not to neglect the brilliant colors of the age of

beaux; what is it all but the serious officer's endeavor to buck the people up by showing them that, no matter how urgent their demands, pleasure is still somewhere at home, shining far above them like a lonely star above the tempest?

So we read with sympathetic admiration of the superb revelry now being enacted in the Hotel Majestic, the headquarters of the British Delegation in Paris. We have forgotten the exact date on which that exhilarating account appeared in the "Times," but it could easily be traced, for on the same day appeared the report of the fourteen British officers appointed to inquire into the food conditions of Germany, and for identification we may quote the following paragraph:—

"The shortage of staple articles of food throughout the country is such that the mass of the population are living upon rations which, while maintaining life, are insufficient to nourish the body adequately. Mothers and young children are particularly affected. Malnutrition has increased the mortality and diminished the birth-rate. It has given rise to new diseases, besides aggravating the previously known ones. The country is living on its capital as regards food supplies, and either famine or Bolshevism, probably both, will ensue before the next harvest if help from outside is not forthcoming."

If only the mothers and young children, together with the rest who suffered from new diseases and similar effects of malnutrition (*i.e.*, partial starvation) could have read the copy of the "Times" containing that account of our compatriots' joys in the Hotel Majestic—the pretty girls, the charming frocks, the dances and feasts—they would surely have felt enlivened, like our soldiers at the sight of alluring pictures, and would have entertained a brighter view of human existence. One's only fear is that the account may not have been widely enough distributed throughout Germany to have that encouraging effect.

Warned by the possible failure in the case of the Hotel Majestic's efforts to inspire the starving, philanthropists should be careful not to miss a similar opportunity which now offers. Under the heading of "The Week in Paris," the "Times" of last Monday describes the attractive gaiety assumed, not merely by the British Delegation, but by the charitable city as a whole. We extract a few sentences from the irresistible picture:—

"Paris is indeed gay this spring. It dines, dresses, and dances with untiring enjoyment. Theatres, restaurants, and ball-rooms are crowded, and neither man nor woman is disturbed by the extortionate price that must be paid for the smallest luxury. Love of amusement is not confined to any single class. It obsesses every class. The society woman dances in her own house and in the houses of her friends. The woman who is not in society goes to subscription dances, and there is a certain amount of public dancing in which anyone can join. This love of dancing, which now surpasses other pleasures, has its inevitable effect on clothes. Dresses must leave the movements of the body free; corsets and over-tight skirts become impossible. Yet the narrow skirt is worn, but slit at the side, sometimes on both sides."

And so on as to the daring tendency to the *décolleté* fashion, the charms of black or white *charmeuse*, the management of the waist-line, and the bunches of feathers in hats.

Lower down in the same column we pass from the "gay" to the "serious," and are told about the reconstructive work of men and women in the educational world:—

"They represent France at her best—thoughtful, hard-working, and determined to conquer the ills which war has left.—They want to see their young men healthy in mind and body, they want their young women to be the same, and they are ready to learn from other nations as well as to teach. Hygiene, physical drill, all those things on which the Anglo-Saxons pride themselves, interest the French educational world, and the common desire among professors for closer companionship between the youth of France and England is one of the strongest pillars of our alliance."

We would suggest to the Government to combine this account of Paris with the earlier column about the

revelries—the rather prolonged revelries—in the Hotel Majestic, and to have it printed as a pamphlet for wide distribution, perhaps by aeroplane, through the length and breadth of Central and Eastern Europe. Such a pamphlet would have the effect of vicarious joy. It would “buck up” the famished populations, and restore their failing belief in human happiness. It would act as an antidote to our blockade. Not only was our blockade one of the chief causes of our victory over our recent enemy; it has also been the chief cause of the misery and starvation to which that enemy has now been reduced. We know there are many who say he deserves all he gets. But it is probable that in this Christian land a fair number of worshippers may be left who would like to see the horrors of the blockade mitigated by the diffusion of such a pamphlet among the sufferers. We know what the conditions in Central and Eastern Europe now are. In the self-same number of the “Times” that contained that article upon Parisian gaiety, we are told, also from Paris, that “Mr. Hoover, in a report which has just been issued on conditions in Russia, estimates that 200,000 persons are dying monthly, either directly or indirectly, owing to lack of food, and that the state of affairs is getting rapidly worse.” We read that the report further foresees utter extinction of the upper and middle classes before next harvest from the same cause. Now, the Russians are a very sympathetic people, and even those among them who are only indirectly dying of hunger could not fail to enjoy the appetizing accounts of the Parisian feasts and joyful dancing regardless of expense.

To the same purport, Mr. Brailsford, in our last week's issue, described the condition of Poland. From Pinsk he wrote:—

“Trembling old women, like gibbering Homeric ghosts, glided round us, so light they seemed, crying and murmuring that they were cold. The famine-stricken fell dead in the street. I saw two corpses that had fallen close by, an hour before—skeletons half covered with rags. The ‘barrier’ (i.e., Poland) reels with hunger; those skeletons are the stones of the rampart.”

Or, again:—

“When I walk about in the slums of Warsaw and Lodz, watch the bread queues, glance at the crowded one-room dwellings, from which all but the last sticks of furniture are gone, when I see the pinched and listless children, or study statistics of the almost vanished birth-rate, and the death-rate swollen by typhus, I marvel that Poland is not in revolution.”

Surely it would comfort those gibbering feminine ghosts to read that in Paris the narrow skirt may be slit on both sides, so as not to trammel the movements, and that the tendency is to be too daring in the *décolleté* cut. Or let us remember what another correspondent wrote about the children in a hospital of a great Central Europe city:—

“Though I have seen many horrible things among mankind,” he said, “I have never seen anything more pitiful than those lines of babies, fevered for want of food, wasted till their limbs were like little bits of stick, and staring about with hopeless and apelike faces.”

That was written as a Christmas greeting last Christmas Eve, and no doubt many of those babies are dead by now. But as Mr. Churchill tells us the blockade is maintained with “rigor,” other babies will have taken their place, and we can imagine with what consolation their mothers would hear that the best representatives of France—“thoughtful, hard-working, and determined to conquer the ills which war has left—want to see their young men healthy in mind and body, and want their young women to be the same”; would hear also that hygiene, physical drill, and all those things on which the Anglo-Saxons pride themselves, interest the French educational world. If the Big Four or the British Government do not feel that, in the present bankrupt state of things, they can scarcely expend so much upon a work of mere philanthropy as the printing and diffusion of such a pamphlet would involve, we would respectfully commend the subject to their consideration.

EASTERN AND WESTERN SOCIALISM.—II.

In the previous article an attempt was made to trace the genealogy of Western Socialism from the intellectual life of Rome and from Roman Law and of Eastern Socialism from Greece and Metaphysics. If this pedigree is correct certain deductions may be made and tested by comparison with some of the present phenomena in politics.

It is to be expected that the intellectual descendants of the Roman jurists will be men of a “scientific” turn of mind who will base their political programme on a great number of individual just actions and will leave the general theory of politics severely alone; their revolutions will be brought about by attention to details not to general schemes. They will say, “If we are to have a change in our social order it is *first* necessary to tackle the land question . . .” or some other outstanding grievance. They will take their Socialism slowly.

Eastern Socialists on the other hand if descendants of the Metaphysicians, will pay great attention to the general scheme of their political philosophy but will leave the details to be fitted into the scheme later (as the Greeks did the details of their law, contrasting sharply with the Romans). The Eastern Socialists will say, “If we are to have Socialism at all let us have it all at once; only thus can a thing be tested properly.” Socialism will be to them a way of life, a philosophy, an adventure into the unknown, not a series of test experiments.

A detail of practice in East and West will illustrate the differences which have developed between Russia and Western Europe during the last two thousand years and may throw light on the minds of the two peoples in their conscious and unconscious mental operations.

In the West, land tenure has passed from the joint ownership of the family by the slowly developing differentiation between persons and property, by emancipation of sons, and, later, of property itself. Finally, a good title could be claimed if uninterrupted use and possession could be proved. When this position was reached the Western mind does not by instinctive mental processes question the right to enjoyment of the land.

In Russia, land tenure among villagers (who represent the bulk of the population and are the spiritual support of the race) has remained in village control, the rights to land being vested absolutely in certain individuals, but only for a limited time. At stated periods the land is redistributed, the separate ownerships being extinguished during the time of division; partition having been effected, the rights of families and individuals are again established, absolutely but temporarily. Now whereas in Europe the instinctive mind of the people sanctions use and possession as a good title (in certain circumstances), in Russian villages use and possession do not give an individual a good title indefinitely; the villager considering that the land should be owned by his community (the village) and portioned out according to the needs of that community.

In the West a conscious mental effort is being made to bring about nationalization and to incorporate this into the life and mind of the people. In Russia, under the old *régime* there was developing a conscious effort of mind to embrace the conception of private ownership. When that idea has been absorbed into the mind of the people individual ownership will occur spontaneously and with remarkable rapidity. At the present time, however, the majority of Russians are conscious of their communal institutions. They excite their attention and admiration, but stimulate relatively little creative effort. Possibly an individual ownership may evolve in the future having new characters, distinctly Russian, contrasting with the past efforts that were obviously borrowed from abroad. Possibly the type of ownership will remain communal. The present Government has been popular just because it translated the unconscious drift towards communism into conscious effort. But its energy may spend itself before many years are out. Then communal ownership will slip back again to the region of instinctive activity and individual ownership may express conscious mental effort again.

In the West the principle underlying a Capital Levy

may not be immediately recognized by the greater part of the community. Our institutions are based on instincts which have for long been individualistic. In Russia the principle of a Capital Levy is an extension merely of that underlying land tenure in operation among villagers and is part of the instinct of communal life which lies deep down in the Russian temperament.

Many of the actions of the Russian Governments from Ivan (the Terrible) down to Lenin (the Internationalist) must seem strange to a Western observer if he is content to watch events from the surface. Many of the actions which seem terrible wear a different aspect if viewed as a phase of historical development.

JOHN RICKMAN.

Letters to the Editor.

BOLSHEVISM AND JACOBINISM.

SIR,—*Appropos* of your comparison of Bolshevism with Jacobinism, which last was the boggy wherewith our own forefathers were frightened, the following remarks of Herbert Spencer seem opportune:—

"The bloodshed of the Revolution has been spoken of with words of horror; and for those who wrought it there has been no shuddering or lamentation. As the two millions, innocent of offence, were taken by force from classes already oppressed and impoverished, the slaughter of them need excite no pity. There is nothing heart-rending in the sufferings of the two millions who died for no crimes of their own or their class; nor is there anything pathetic in the fates of the families throughout Europe from which the two millions were taken. That one vile man's lust of power was gratified through the deaths of the two millions, greatly palliates the sacrifice of them.

See the beliefs which these respective feelings imply:—

Over ten thousand deaths we may fitly shudder and lament.

As the ten thousand were slain because of the tyrannies, cruelties, and treacheries, committed by them or their class, their deaths are very pitiable.

The sufferings of the ten thousand and of their relatives who expiated their own misdeeds and the misdeeds of their class, may fitly form subjects for heart-rending stories and pathetic pictures.

That despair and the indignation of a betrayed people, brought about this slaughter of ten thousand, makes the atrocity without palliation.

And Spencer concludes:

"While the names of the leading actors in the Reign of Terror are names of execration, we speak of Napoleon as 'the Great,' and Englishmen worship him by visiting his tomb and taking off their hats."—("The Study of Sociology," p. 158.)

Substitute other numbers and other names, and how well would these remarks apply to Russia!—Yours, &c.,

ATKINSON LEE.

King's Road, Manchester, S.W.

GORKY AND THE BOLSHEVIKS.

SIR,—In a recent issue, the writer of "A London Diary," referring to the story in the "Westminster," of the crimes of Bolshevism, resurrects the writings of Maxim Gorky against the policy of the Soviet Government.

Maxim Gorky, who, in his journal "Novaya Zhizn," originally bitterly opposed the policy of the Soviet Government, has now declared himself completely in accordance with that same policy.

"Avanti" (Milan), of 16th February, publishes three articles written by Gorky during the period 24th December, 1917, to June 6th, 1918, extending to three columns, and setting in relief the gradual but complete conversion of Gorky to the economic and political policy of the Soviet Government.—Yours, &c.,

G. R. VOIGT.

LABOR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SIR,—There is no truth in the statement made by a correspondent in your last issue that "not a single Labor member was present" in the House of Commons during the discussion on the Slough Scandal. The fact is that a large number of Labor members were present throughout the debate. They ranged themselves emphatically on the side of the Government in this matter. Apparently their attitude was determined by two considerations, viz.: (1) The complaint made by Conservative critics of the high wages paid at the Chippenham works; (2) Mr. Churchill's insinuation that the attacks on the scheme for a central State depot for motor vehicles were inspired by private interests out for loot at the public expense.

It has been shown in this Parliament that whenever there is rivalry between notions of State ownership on the one side,

and of individualism on the other, the Labor Party throws all its weight into the Collectivist scale. Why did Labor members so wholeheartedly support Sir Eric Geddes on the second reading of the Ways and Communications Bill? Because of his revelation of the colossal waste of private ownership and control, and of the fact that his speech made nationalization of railways inevitable.

The Parliamentary Labor Party is apt to concentrate its gaze too much on questions of wages and hours; but it often shows a fine idealistic spirit and high courage on behalf of causes not purely industrial. In the debate on Russian affairs it was left to Mr. J. H. Thomas to provide the antidote to Mr. Bottomley's attack on President Wilson; and it was from another Labor member, Mr. John Jones, that came the wise counsel that the only effective way to counter the spread of Bolshevism was for the victorious Powers to feed the starving peoples of Europe, to re-start the wheels of industry, to allow ordered government to be restored, and to abjure the rôle of Shylock in the matter of indemnities. I may also mention that it is to Labor members that we owe the Women's Emancipation Bill.

The Parliamentary Labor Party has many defects, and it does not always give the support it ought to the gallant efforts of Sir Donald Maclean in resisting reactionary tendencies and measures; but whatever its shortcomings, it has abundantly justified its existence in this House, and with increasing experience it will become a powerful democratic instrument.—Yours, &c.,

A PARLIAMENTARY JOURNALIST.

April 14th, 1919.

FROM GERMANY.

SIR,—Herewith I send you (translated), a letter I have just received from Frau Sieper, the widow of the late Professor Ernst Sieper, of Munich.

Dr. Sieper, as I think you know, was a man of rarely wide scholarship—among other things he was one of the first authorities on Chaucer and early English literature—but he was also a man of noble and lovable character, who spent great part of his life in trying to bring Germany into understanding touch with all that was best in English life, literature, and ideals, and to bring England into touch with the best life of Germany. In view of what this man's wife and the mother of his children has suffered and is still suffering, her letter surely breathes a spirit which must enlighten ignorance and disarm hatred. Decent English people do not wish to go on breaking the hearts of women like Luise Sieper. It is difficult for them to get into genuine touch with the "enemy"; but when they do, as in letters like hers, or as in the case of our generous soldiers of the Army of Occupation, they realise that the only humane and the only sane thing to do is to raise that blockade which is hourly wearing away the last chance of reconciliation between the two great nations.—Yours, &c.,

MAUDE E. KING.

P.S.—Since Frau Sieper's letter was written, the Entente Powers have prohibited the sending of any food to Bavaria Poor Munich!

(Translation of a letter from Mrs. Sieper, Munich.)

München 41 Wolfratshausenstrasse 27,

March 25th, 1919.

DEAR FRIEND,—For more than four years I have heard nothing from you, even after my husband's death. If I write to-day, it is because I have such longing for a kind word from you, a longing for some love from the land which my husband and I loved so devotedly. Every day I think of England and wish it might understand the indescribable misery oppressing us here. *This blockade is not only so frightful because it makes us hunger; it is also a blockade of the last remaining understanding between our two nations.*

Dear Friend, Sophocles said long ago in the "Antigone": "Tis not to join in hate, but in love that woman was born." Believing this let me offer you again, to-day, my hand. One who is now no more would bid me and would say: "Get our English friends to help you in this dreadful bitter lot which overcomes you, when you see your children crying with hunger, and pass yourself, faint with weakness, from one duty to another."—Yes, help me not to lose entirely the rich treasure which we possessed in our friendship for England.

My dear husband died three years ago. Since then I have lived through much, and learned much, and also lost much too. My life has altered a great deal. The children are growing, to my joy. But the growth of their bodies gives me anxiety, the underfeeding is so bad. Whatever would their father say to it? Have you still often a thought of him? How lovely it was in those old days with you. I dare scarcely think of it. The memory of those beautiful times is too dreadful to me. How is your dear daughter? She is quite grown up and will never come to us as was once talked about. And what is all the rest of your news? And the movement, "Back to the Land?"

Germany is utterly broken down, and no one helps her to rise. It is a miserable tragedy. Well that my husband is at rest. And yet were he alive now, he could do so much good work with his fine democratic ideas. It is hard to have to pass through all this pain alone; but to know that God is there strengthens me, and only by this living with God can one remain loving. Do you understand what I mean?—Faithful to the spirit of my husband—Yours, &c.,

LUISE SIEPER.

THE DOGS PROTECTION BILL.

SIR,—As one whose name has been on the back of the Dogs Protection Bill in previous Parliaments, and who would unhesitatingly have backed it again had I been still in the House of Commons, I ask for the hospitality of your columns, which you have so generously given me in the past, in order to reply to some of the attacks made upon it by the physiologists.

Sir Edward Schäfer, in the "Times" of April 5th, says that the second reading of that Bill by the House of Commons discloses "an appalling depth of ignorance amongst our legislators," and he appeals to the Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection (1912), as bearing out that statement. But what does that Report actually say? The Commissioners tell us that "the general moral sense of civilized mankind would be prepared to make a differentiation between the different classes of animals used for experiments," and that they "feel that recognition should be accorded to the reality and worthiness" of such a sentiment (par. 97). Again, "As to the use of dogs and other specified animals, we have already adduced reasons which lead us to justify a differentiation in the use of certain animals from that of others for the purposes of scientific experiments . . . and in this connection we referred especially to the case of dogs and the higher apes." They then quote Sir William Osler as saying "I think we have all felt that it would be very much better if we could get animals other than the dog to operate on," which, they say, expresses "a very prevalent view," and they put it on record that some of their body "would exclude the use of dogs altogether" (par. 119).

But Sir Edward Schäfer says that "dogs are already absolutely protected from suffering in any experiments which require to be made upon them." Yet one finds in the "Journal of Physiology" the following account of experiments on dogs, which I read in the House of Commons on March 18th, 1913, and which I select as one example out of many:—"The removal of a portion of one kidney was attempted on thirty-three dogs. In one case no ligatures were used to arrest the hemorrhage from the kidney, and the animal died from loss of blood on the sixth day. . . . In No. 29 a wedge of kidney was excised, and an attempt made to graft the fragment removed in the peritoneum. The animal died on the fourth day after the operation. . . . One dog died thirty-six days after the operation. There were then twenty-eight dogs left available for the performance of the second operation—i.e., removal of the entire kidney on the opposite side. . . . In one case, the wound became septic, and the animal was killed eight days after the second, and forty-five after the first operation. . . . In some of the twenty-three successful cases more than two operations were performed on the same animal. In No. 34 and No. 35, a wedge was excised from the left kidney, subsequently a wedge from the right kidney, and lastly, in a third operation, the remains of the right kidney were removed."

I am not now considering whether these experiments were morally justifiable or not. I am only examining Sir Edward Schäfer's statement that "dogs are already absolutely protected from suffering in all experiments," and I ask (granted that the actual operations were performed under anaesthetics) can this be truthfully alleged in such case as these? (See "Journal of Physiology," February, 1899, since which date there has been no further legislation on this subject). Dr. Pembrey was, at any rate, more candid in this matter, when he said, in the course of his evidence before the Royal Commission, "I admit that I have done painful experiments, and I am not ashamed of admitting it. They are absolutely necessary." (Q. 14,084, and Report para: 28.)

Sir Edward Schäfer himself told the Commissioners that, in a series of experiments on dogs, "which were undertaken in order to determine exactly what happens during death by drowning," two dogs were drowned without having been previously anaesthetised. "In these two experiments the animals were simply drowned by being held under water." (Q. 10,104.)

Again, I am not now inquiring whether or not these experiments were morally justifiable. But will any reasonable man contend that if he is held under water till he is drowned, he undergoes no suffering? Will he not, on the contrary, be fain to cry with Clarence, "Lord, Lord, methought what pain it was to drown"?

But, after all, this is not merely a "scientific" question, as the physiologists assume it to be. It is a question of Ethics, upon which we are as well qualified to form an opinion as they are, and, perhaps, much better, since we have no personal interest in the matter. I have often asked what is the principle according to which man—the only morally cruel animal—is justified in performing painful experiments on his lower brethren of the universal kinship? So far, I have never obtained an answer, unless it be that everything is justifiable in the pursuit of knowledge. Well, if that proposition be true, it is *man* who should be vivisected rather than the lower animals! But it is so manifestly fallacious that I need not ask for space to discuss it. Neither need I discuss Professor Starling's futile attempt to darken counsel by asking, "Are our sons [who went into the fighting line] of less value than the stray dogs of London?" Logic does not seem to be the strong point of the physiologist!—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

P.S.—I would, however, admit the reasonableness of Professor Langley's contention that if a dog is anaesthetised during the whole course of an experiment, and killed while still under the anaesthetic, no objection can properly be taken to an experiment so conducted.

THE DOCTOR IN WAR.

SIR,—Miss Beatrice Kidd mistakes my coyly dropped handkerchief for a trailing coat tail. I certainly had no hostile intent in my invitation (mistaken by Miss Kidd for a "challenge") to anti-vaccinators to dispose of Dr. Hutchinson's figures if they are incorrect. I did not "rhapsodize" over vaccination or inoculation; but, as a just and veracious reporter, I wrote: "Dr. Hutchinson attributes this almost incredible reduction to anti-typhoid vaccination. And he gives a few figures which the anti-vaccinators must dispose of if they are to make out their case. His principal facts in this matter may be thus summarized." And here followed my attempt at a fair summary of his figures and arguments.

I do not consider that Miss Kidd begins to dispose of his facts or of his arguments. Even granting the correctness of all her statements, Dr. Hutchinson's main points still await an answer. It may interest Miss Kidd to learn that I also am an anti-vivisectionist, but I fail to see that one helps the cause by refusing to look at facts. Even out of war some knowledge comes; and the same holds good of vivisection, arson, and many other things evil in themselves.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR REVIEWER.

March 17th, 1919.

Poetry.

"HIPPOLYTUS."

(LINES 199-233.)

PHÆDRA.—

Lift my head, help me up,
I am bruised, bone and flesh;
chafe my white hands, my servants:
this weight about my forehead!
Ah, my veil—loose it—
spread my hair across my breast.

TROPHOS.—

There, do not start,
child, nor toss about;
only calm can help
and high pride, your hurt:
fate tries all alike.

PHÆDRA.—

Ai, ai to drink deep
of spring water
from its white source;
ai, ai for rest—black poplars—
thick grass—sleep.

TROPHOS.—

What is this you ask?
wild words, mad speech—
hide your hurt, my heart,
hide your hurt
before these servants.

PHÆDRA.—

Take me to the mountains!
O for woods, pine tracts,
where hounds athirst for death,
leap on the bright stags!
God, how I would shout to the beasts,
with my gold hair torn loose!
I would shake the Thessalian dart,
I would hurl the barbed arrow
from my grasp.

TROPHOS.—

Why, why so distraught,
child, child why the chase
and what this cold water you would ask?
but we may get you that
from deep rills that cut the slopes
before the gate.

PHÆDRA.—

Artemis of the salt beach
And of the sea-coast,
mistress of the race-course,
trodden of swift feet,
O for your flat sands
where I might mount
with goad and whip
the horses of Enetas.

(LINES 740-785.)

O for wings,
 swift, a bird,
 set of God
 among the bird-flocks!
 I would dart
 from some Adriatic precipice,
 across its wave-shallows and crests,
 to Eradanus' river-source;
 to the place
 where his daughters weep,
 thrice-hurt for Phaeton's sake,
 tears of amber and gold which dart
 their fire through the purple surface.

I would seek
 the song-haunted Hesperides
 and the apple-trees
 set above the sand drift:
 there the god
 of the purple marsh
 lets no ships pass;
 he marks the sky-space
 which Atlas keeps—
 that holy place
 where streams,
 fragrant as honey,
 pass the couches spread
 in the palace of Zeus:
 there the earth-spirit,
 source of bliss,
 grants the gods happiness.

O ship
 white-sailed of Crete,
 you brought my mistress
 from her quiet palace
 through breaker and crash of surf
 to love-rite of unhappiness!
 Though the boat swept
 toward great Athens,
 though she was made fast
 with ship-cable and ship-ropes
 at Munychia the sea-port,
 though her men stood
 on the mainland,
 (whether unfriended by all alike
 or only by the gods of Crete)
 it was evil—the auspice.

On this account
 my mistress,
 most sick at heart,
 is stricken of Kupris
 with unchaste thought:
 helpless and overwrought,
 she would fasten
 the rope-noose about the beam
 above her bride-couch
 and tie it to her white throat:
 she would placate the daemon's wrath,
 still the love-fever in her breast,
 and keep her spirit inviolate.

VII.—(LINES 1,292-1,296).

Men you strike
 and the gods'
 dauntless spirits alike,
 and Eros helps you, O Kupris,
 with wings' swift
 interplay of light:
 now he flies above the earth,
 now above sea-crash
 and whirl of salt:
 he enchants beasts
 who dwell in the kills
 and shoals in the sea-depth:
 he darts gold wings
 maddening their spirits:
 he charms all born of earth,

(all whom Helios visits,
 fiery with light)
 and men's hearts:
 you alone, Kupris,
 creator of all life,
 reign absolute.

H. D.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

WHEN I think of my Mother, asleep in her coffin beneath
 The daisies she loved even dearer than clover or grass;
 How she bade me be glad at her going, nor utter one breath
 Of a sigh at the climax the years at their fill brought to pass.

Can I other than glad be for her at the silence of peace,
 Now our talk is unfettered and still, as the scent is of
 flowers?
 Nor fail to recall the way her face became at the cease
 Of her breath, again young, as it was in her youthfullest
 hours?

There was joy to the last in her eyes, as clear blue as the sky,
 There was laughter behind the calm curve of her tremulous
 lips;
 There was merriment under the burden of years, and that cry
 Once wrung from her during the night of love's darkest
 eclipse.

This I only had guessed had her friend, Death, not given him
 back

The lines she had borrowed of Time in her seventy years,
 When, as in a moment, his clock-hand returned on its track,
 And her youth, like an infant, awoke from the dream of its
 tears.

And thus re-emerged the occasion of childhood's delight
 In her presence, the charm which the girl in the Mother
 endues;
 Nor was this alone the clear vision Death flashed on my sight,
 For death's Shadow is only the curtain its search-light
 pursues.

But the blot of its gloom scarcely smote on my eyes, when the
 flash
 Of the Light it made brighter blazed by me, to halt on her
 face;

And I saw her transfigured, herself to the veriest lash,
 As she was in her heart, in her mind, in her gloom, or her
 grace—

As she was, her friends tell me, at eighteen; the gayest of
 maids,

Spontaneously happy, a wild-rose that flung o'er the ledge
 Of their garden—so trim in its paths, and its lawn and its
 shades—

The pink and pearl petals that playfully smiled from the
 hedge.

I find her—I have her alone to myself at this last,
 Alone (as she never could be with her china between,
 Or her friends within call, and her grandchildren claiming
 to cast

Upon her each fresh trouble or joy in its shrillest green).

I have her alone, as she never could be when the shade
 Of one spirit, perturbed and unhappy, would hover across
 Her rooms and my visits, to trouble, perchance to upbraid
 The absent, or that which its folly alone had made loss.

This ill love is over. Its dust has returned to the dust,
 My Mother has left it behind her, on this side the grave;
 And that she grew young in her death is the proof of my
 trust

That not hers, but its own, was the sin which God never
 forgave.

O. B.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris." By Julia Collier Harris. (Constable. 18s.)
 "Aristophanes and the War Party." By Professor Gilbert Murray. (Allen & Unwin. 1s.)
 "The History of the Russian Revolution to Brest-Litovsk." By L. Trotsky. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.)
 "Instincts in Industry." By Ordway Tead. (Constable. 6s.)

* * *

PERHAPS only an ingrate would find fault with Ruskin. For when we look at his Works (having no intention of reading them again) it is with the tribute that he made some impressive remarks about cheating when we had not so much as begun to suppose cheating could be wrong. Our minds were so dark then that we blinked with surprise at the light which showed children working in coal-mines as an iniquity. They were the happy days, bright with the knowledge that we knew we should recognize the Holy Grail, when we found it; it would delight us with its confirmatory Union Jack aloft. We had not even begun to suspect that our morals, manners, and society were fairly poor compared with those of the Five Nations which our settlers had dispersed in America a century before. And to be told we had ugly minds, and were doing ugly things for an ugly end! When Ruskin hinted at it, with emotion, Thackeray was so shocked that he behaved as would a popular editor to-day with a contribution sure to make readers angry who are confident they are the best people, and he told Ruskin it was dangerous. And Thackeray, the worldly cynic, was right, for it is certainly unprofitable to tell your neighbor, at length, in mellifluous and expansive rhetoric, what his ways are like when examined in a better light. Ruskin's refined intelligence was shocked by all the outrageous evidence that we think more of property than of poor men's lives, and of the output of Ancoats than of Athens, and he said so.

* * *

How did he say it? "He is certainly one of the greatest masters of English prose." The Editor of "The Crown of Wild Olive" for Macmillan's series, "English Literature for Secondary Schools," admits that. It has often been said. But is he? Is it possible that that verdict is our proper gratitude for the moment when Ruskin revealed to us the meanness of our national habits when contrasted with a standard for gentlemen? It ought not to have wanted much eloquence to convince us that such as Wides is unlovely. The smell should have been eloquent enough. Nor festoons of chromatic sentences to admonish us that cruelty to children, even for profit, is not quite the thing. But some people enjoy remorseful sobbing. It is half the fun of sinning. Yet, I ask in humility—for it is a fearful thing to doubt the god of so many earnest literary and debating societies—should children who are learning to find the choicest ways of using English, and the best ideas to express, run the risk of having Ruskin's example set before them by uncritical teachers? A parent who knew that a child of his, on a certain day, was to take at school the example of Ruskin as a prose stylist on the subject of war, would be justified on moral and æsthetic grounds in keeping his child at home that day to do a little roller-skating. For humility cannot blind us to the fact that few writers in English, of Ruskin's reputation, have ever, with so ox-eyed solemnity, considered such a roseate cloud of sentimental rhetoric, in which a common-sense shape is no sooner discovered than it is lost again, as being really worth publishing. And the attention we give to such a vital matter is measured at once by the discovery that people of discrimination in letters have accepted without serious difficulty, as great prose, Ruskin's heedless rush of words on War, which seems fine because the rhythmic pour of sentences makes the intelligence pleasantly

drowsy, and careless of what sense it bears. It is not great prose. It is romantic gush. It is not wisdom. It is disastrous nonsense.

* * *

I REMEMBER, moved by the awed voice of a lecturer whose opinions on English literature were out of sight of my very youthful knowledge depriving myself of better things to buy "The Crown of Wild Olive." Such obvious ignorance as mine could not be tolerated at any cost. And I put it in my hold-all when, in duty bound, I went for some annual training with the artillery volunteers. I read in camp that essay on war, when bombardiers no longer had my attention, and the knightly words of sergeant-instructors were taking a needed rest. (I did not object to those words, you must understand, for I recognized they were just what were wanted for such a business as that.) I thought over that essay, and concluded that, though plainly I must be very young and very wrong to feel puzzled and even derisive when a lecturer admittedly learned in literature was awed, yet I would sooner try to sell wool flowers in the Brompton Road than read that essay to a critical audience, especially if I had written it myself. Ruskin, in fact, did not know what he was writing about, having seen no more fighting than a bishop's wife; and throughout the essay he is in two minds. One mind is that of a reasonable man who knows that war is the same phenomenon, artistically, ethically, and socially, as a public-house riot with broken bottles, caused by a dispute about . . . about any one of those fundamental questions which often arise in such a place. Such riots are perfectly natural, now and then, as it seems to have taken the Church, or whoever is responsible, longer to improve the human intelligence than it has taken stock-raisers to improve the milking qualities of kine. And Ruskin's other mind is still in the Tennysonian stage about war, dwelling with delight on swords and shields, glory, honor, courage, spurs, pennants, and tearful but resolute ladies who wave handkerchiefs in the brief intervals of sobbing over their own heroic surrender of their "loved ones."

* * *

HERE is a specimen of his "style" and his "thought." He has been discussing war as noble play. He has been scorning cricket. "I use," he says, "in such question, the test which I have adopted, of the connection of war with other arts; and I reflect how, as a sculptor, I should feel if I were asked to design a monument for a dead knight, in Westminster Abbey, with a carving of a bat at one end, and a ball at the other. It may be there remains in me only a savage Gothic prejudice; but I had rather carve it with a shield at one end, and a sword at the other." I do not know whether he felt like that because of a savage Gothic prejudice, but I am certain he wrote like that moved by the old traditional emotion we feel towards the vicarious victim for sacrifice. The feeling is a bit older than Gothic. Otherwise Ruskin would not have suggested the shield and sword as the symbolic decorations. He felt, instinctively and traditionally, they were the only means to mask the truth. For otherwise he would have used a ball at one end—a cannon ball—and a mortar at the other. Just as we should use a bomb at one end, and a prostrate child at the other. Or a gas-cylinder at one end, and a gas-mask as its complement. But the artist, of course, is not going to be deprived of his emotion and his romance; not while we love them, too.

* * *

WE have seen that in this war. The old appeal of the writers on war rushed us out of our minds with "last stands," shot-riddled banners which at last sank in the engulfing waves of barbarians, till an irresistible cavalry charge scattered the hordes. All this replaced the plumes, the armor, and the shining knights. Ruskin was an improvement even on that. He anticipated those who were most popular in making this war endurable. Ruskin went to the heart of the matter. He knew that the audience which would the more readily listen to him when he made an emotional case for the ennobling quality of war, would be mainly of reclused women. So did some of our most successful writers of late. They, like he, make their appeal to that order of mind which obtains a real satisfaction, a sensuous delight, in contemplating the remote sufferings of others, and sobbing.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

WHAT IS LIFE?

"The Origin and Evolution of Life." By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, Sc.D., LL.D., Research Professor of Zoology, Columbia University. (Bell. 25s. net.)

UNDER one form or another men have never ceased to ponder over the origin and the evolution of life. In recent times, as we know, the attempted explanations of life have tended to fall into two groups. There are those who, like Driesch, believe that the organic is distinguished from the inorganic by the appearance of an entirely new independent force, however they may define it, and there are those, like Loeb, who seek to show that it may prove possible to explain life without assuming the existence of any other force than we already see at work in the inorganic world. Along which road shall we find the explanation of life? To the Sphinx that asks this question the author of the present book now comes up, and, in his turn, courageously risks an answer.

It cannot be said that Dr. Osborn is unqualified to take the step or that he takes it rashly. He is a zoological paleontologist, of recognized distinction alike in America and Europe. From the basis of his own specialty he has proceeded in various directions with signal success, as anthropologist in his "Men of the Old Stone Age" (just re-issued in a new enlarged edition), and as historian of evolution in "From the Greeks to Darwin." He has equipped himself for the present more complicated task in the domain of biology, but which he himself regards as so far transcending that domain as to involve "a synthesis of astronomy, geology, physics, chemistry, and biology," by calling in the aid of many well-known specialists. Now he here sets forth his thesis.

Dr. Osborn's answer to the question concerning the nature of life and evolution is summed up in the formula: Action, Reaction, and Interaction of Energy. To say that life is energy, however characteristically American an explanation, may seem to carry us but a little way. Energy had already been invoked as a partial explanation—again especially in America by Cope—and energy in itself obviously furnishes no specific character of life, though it must not be overlooked that there is still a significance in choosing energy—instead of form, on which the naturalists instinctively rely, or matter, in which Darwin and Weismann formulated their theories of heredity—as the fundamental substratum of life. It clearly indicates that the spirit of physics and of chemistry is now to be invoked in the first line. It is on the third term of the formula, "interaction," that we must specially direct our attention. Actions and reactions in the organism tend to send off as a by-product a "chemical messenger" which helps to regulate, balance, co-ordinate the whole. The process by which the organism is thus made a harmonious unit is what Dr. Osborn terms *interaction*. There are various kinds of chemical messengers, such as the organic catalyzers known as enzymes, and the antigens and anti-bodies, including the agents of immunity. But of most vital importance are those internal secretions, or hormones, as they are often called, largely the product of the endocrine organs or ductless glands, which pass into the blood stream to exert a stimulating or inhibiting effect on many various organs, and indirectly on the whole organism. The discovery of these secretions and their effects has in recent years largely transformed physiology and pathology, at the same time furnishing new and valuable agents to medicine. One suspects that this discovery has influenced Dr. Osborn's whole conception of vital energy, and that the internal secretions have now begun to affect also our philosophical theories of life.

Interaction probably began at the beginning of life. But the internal secretions, as we are now but learning to know them, have been chiefly studied in the highest mammals, especially man, and to study the highest products of the art of life is as fruitless in helping us to understand life as the study of Beethoven is to help us to understand the development of the art of music. Therefore Dr. Osborn rightly devotes his first attention to the most primitive and primary organisms of which we can find traces. These are the bacteria. A bacterialess earth and a bacterialess ocean would

be uninhabitable for either plants or animals. In bacteria form is still unimportant, but they already reveal the capture, the storage, the release, and the interaction of energy, and in the simplest mechanism in which we can to-day know them. In their power of finding energy (or food) in a lifeless world the prototrophic bacteria are the most elementary organisms known, probably representing the survival of a primordial stage of bio-chemistry. By deriving energy and nutrition directly from inorganic compounds, such types were capable of living and flourishing, not only on an earth without life but even without regular sunshine, and of course long before the first chlorophyllic stage of the evolution of plant life. Some of the nitrifying bacteria (taking their energy from the nitrogen of ammonium) were at once the soil-forming and the soil-nourishing agents of the primal earth; they can be traced back for thirty-three million years when they were already very ancient (certain beds of iron ore, estimated at twice that age, are believed to be formed by bacteria), and they still exist to-day. They already present the chemical reactions, including the "chemical messengers" of interaction, found in the higher plant and animal cells. Probably they gained their powers gradually, one at a time, and they continued to progress through later ages, acquiring intimate parasitic relations, as we know, and sometimes to our cost, not with plants only but with the entire living world. But by their storage of nitrogen the bacteria were the primary food supply of the living world, and by their chemical disintegrating powers they played a large part in re-moulding the crust of the earth for the ends of life.

Whether bacteria have ever evolved so far as the typical cell with contained protoplasm and nuclear chromatin is disputed. Osborn is inclined to accept the view of Wilson that chromatin and protoplasm are co-existent in cells from the earliest known stages in the bacteria. Thus, it may be remarked, if in the bacteria we seem to have reached a primordial stage of life, it is still far from being a simple stage, but, on the contrary, already involves a complicated mechanism. For protoplasm is the expression of heredity, and chromatin is known to be its seat. Now chromatin (identical with the germ-plasm announced by Weismann) is a complex albuminoid substance, distinguished by its rich phosphorous content, infinitely exceeding in complexity any other form of matter or energy known, and possibly containing chemical elements as yet undetected. Yet Dr. Osborn is compelled to introduce us to chromatin at this earliest stage of life, before Nature had even discovered chlorophyll.

That discovery, as we look back, seems one of marvelous brilliancy. The bacteria probably originated in the pools and damp soils of the lifeless earth. It was, we can now recognize, the obvious way of beginning, and relatively simple, its function being primarily to capture nitrogen, although it needed already a still mysterious mechanism to release and store energy from the earth and water. But so to enlarge the operations of this energy-trap as to catch further energy from the very air, breaking it up and seizing carbon, that, to our eyes, was by no means obvious. It was a step of such magnitude that it may be said to lead up to all that has happened since; the fundamental distinction between heredity, chromatin and body protoplasm was established as in animals, and, even without a co-ordinating nervous system, all the parts were henceforth kept in perfect correlation. Sunlight, not merely heat, now became a supreme factor in life, and a number of new elements were absorbed. How extraordinarily complex and sensitive chlorophyll must be is only to-day beginning to be realized by investigators, and it has been conjectured that by it the light waves become transformed into electrical energy able to initiate whole series of such chemical reactions as build up the plant's activity. When animals at last appeared, there was nothing left to them but to be the parasites of plants.

This subsequent evolution is traced by Professor Osborn in the course of a hundred pages. When Protozoa, the first unicellular animals appeared, we have no idea. It may have been as far back as the bacterial period since they freely feed on bacteria. The great new activity which animals brought into the world was free locomotion. That meant higher powers of individuality, of initiation, of experiment, of discrimination, of sensitiveness to pleasure and to pain, habit, memory, every development of consciousness, all, indeed, that we understand, ultimately even on the moral side, by behavior. This involved indirectly a creative influence on

form which had hitherto been negligible as compared with the primary play of energy, and it also involved the development of the nervous system, though that system, extraordinary as its final results have become, was not really a revolutionary novelty, since, as is now realized, it simply carried on functions of co-ordination which the catalyzers were already exercising.

In late Permian or early Triassic days, a small lizard-like reptile, probably for purposes of safety, took to the trees, and birds appeared on earth. It was by adopting a similarly timid course that even the Mammals may have begun their adventurous career, and the ancestors of all the Mammals, even the largest, according to the view accepted by Osborn, was a small insectivorous arboreal creature, resembling the modern tree shrew, of Cretaceous times. Therefrom, as the author concludes his exposition, was produced "a mammalian fauna which inhabited the entire globe until the comparatively recent period of extermination by man, who, through the invention of tools in Middle Pleistocene times, about 125,000 years ago, became the destroyer of creation."

This wonderful evolution has all taken place in the chromatin of the germ-cells, at once the most sensitive of substances and the most stable—for more stable than the surface of the earth—and the causes of it are still disputed. There have been two main historic lines of speculation, each of which began to appear among the Greeks, one we now call the Lamarckian, the other we now call the Darwinian. The first seeks the genesis of new forms and functions in the body-cells influenced from without and themselves in turn influencing the germ-cells within. The other, of a directly opposite kind, seeks that genesis in the occurrence of fortuitous variations in the germ-cells acting on the body-cells. Professor Osborn is unable to accept as adequate either the one explanation or the other, although he finds important elements of truth in both. Paleontology, of which the evidence had not accumulated in Darwin's day, and recent experimental zoology, have brought new factors into the question. The Lamarckian view that adaptation in the body-cells invariably precedes adaptive reactions in the chromatin is not supported either by experiment or observation, while the paleontological evidence, both in the Invertebrata and the Vertebrata, shows that continuity and law in chromatin prevail over either chance or mutations, so that in the genesis of many characters there is a slow and prolonged evolution in a straight line towards adaptive ends. "In evolution law prevails over chance." This is an important consideration which must not be neglected. But one may question whether it is quite so fatal for Darwin as Dr. Osborn seems to think. No doubt, Darwin was not aware that, for instance, the horse took a million years to accomplish gradually and steadily the reduction of his fifth toe, and a subsequent two million years to complete the retardation of his second and fourth toes. But if he had known it he might still have felt justified in retaining his principle. Variations are not fortuitous, they are adaptive, Dr. Osborn holds; Darwin could still maintain that variations are fortuitous but are selected by their adaptiveness. In the horse, whose feet are so important an asset, it is easy to understand that all variations in the line demanded by the environment have progressively been maintained, but no one could say how many chance variations that were not demanded have appeared and fallen away. It is easy for many to agree with Dr. Osborn when he finds elements of truth in both the Lamarckian and the Darwinian explanations; it is less easy to admit his claim to stand outside both traditions.

At the same time, we may grant the suggestive significance of the physico-chemical interactions, as probably regulated by selection. If changes of proportion make up 95 per cent. of mammalian evolution, we may well believe that the doctrine of Darwin may be supplemented, if not transformed, by our new knowledge of the actions of the hormones which, we know, can affect the proportions of the hands and other members far from their seat of secretion, producing acceleration or retardation. There is here a resemblance to the action of germ evolution which, as Dr. Osborn suggests, may have a real significance, bringing us nearer to a consistent physico-chemical conception of the process of life.

But, as the author finally acknowledges, the process of

life becomes more difficult to understand, not easier, as we advance. In this admirable volume, in which he has brought together so much of the latest outcome of research and discussed its meaning with so much intellectual vigor, he is yet content in the end simply to present the problem of life afresh as of "a complex of energies" on a physical basis, to throw out a few fruitful suggestions, and to conclude his exposition with the words: "There is no proof at present."

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

FORM AND EXPERIMENT.

"*Krishna's Flute.*" By N. V. THADANI. (Longmans. 4s. net.)

"*The Book of the Gaurisankarguha.*" By SRI ANANDA ACHARYA. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"*Japanese Prints.*" By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER. (Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.75.)

IN literature, as in every branch of human activity, new paths must be struck out by audacious pioneers. Conventionalism means death. New forms must be originated by new spirits, while the old are remodelled craftily by the subtle instinct of genius experimenting. But this inevitable process means necessarily ceaseless waste and failure. The literary craftsman who has too little æsthetic skill, who has not mastered his technique, whose taste is crude or faulty, must go into the melting-pot along with his ninety-nine brethren whose feeling has remained subservient to stereotyped models. The two Indian writers before us are examples of this constant failure to find the fitting form—Mr. Thadani because his handling of English verse forms is destitute of originality, Mr. Acharya because his blending of incongruous images and atmospheres result in a literary monstrosity. Mr. Thadani's failure is respectable, no worse and no better than that of the thousands of English writers in each generation whose "poetic feeling" cannot fire their generalized pictures with the quick, living flame of art. A passage from his blank-verse poem, "Sati," will illustrate how he has adulterated and nullified the native force of his Hindu atmosphere:—

"It was the hour of sunset; and the light
Of heaven lay trembling in the golden arms
Of swift departing day, and in the west,
Bright as with bridal joy of dancing mirth,
Suffused the air and sky with bluish beams.
And underneath, the sacred Ganga flowed
Softly, and the breeze was whispering to the waves
In rippling music, and the twilight loves
Of heaven and earth, and radiant smiles of eve
In purple passion on her water shone."

Every image is trite, every verbal touch mediocre. Yet Mr. Thadani shows freshness of feeling throbbing beneath his correct, stereotyped verse.

Mr. Acharya's "Book of the Cave" suffers from the disease, hypertrophy of ideas, that so frequently attacks educated Hindus who strive to transplant the philosophical concepts of "the wisdom of the East" into modern, European soil. Style in literature and art is a growth of soil and atmosphere: a foreign style may be borrowed and adapted, it may serve as an inspiration for a new form; but only uncouth hybrids will result if the ideas, images, and atmospheres of different ages and totally distinct cultures are mechanically blended. Mr. Acharya has an admirable knowledge of Hindu philosophy, but he sins against every æsthetic canon in this allegorical extravaganza, "The Book of the Cave." The work is a patchwork of incongruous elements. His characters, who meet in the Gaurisanka Cave—the Pilgrim of the Sky, the Ocean Wanderer, the Sister of the Birch, the Lady of the Shadows—are abstractions, neither children of the East nor of the West. The imagery they use is a medley of the past and present ages, their poetico-philosophical communings are to literature what the "style," say, of the Albert Memorial, is to architecture. His descriptions of the Chamber of Sleep, the Chamber of Mirrors, are modern gincerack. And the root of the author's error lies in his lack of literary taste. His philosophic drama has no æsthetic basis. He mixes symbolism, science, and speculation in a way that destroys

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his material. As a specimen we quote a typical passage:—

The Lady of the Shadows.

"... Man has wounded woman, and injured woman has cursed man. Out of this violence done to Nature's conscience has arisen the death of progenitors, while the original eternity-of-life has assumed a totally different aspect in the form of the apparently perpetual species. This perpetuity is interrupted by death, which is the counterpart of the sleep of indifference of the original individual life-whole. The substance of life goes through periods of indifference alternating with periods of interested attention. Under the Bo-tree I sleep through many eyes; then I awake to do my work in the garden. In sleep my mind-stuff and my body remain in absolute stillness, but when I am awake my whole being vibrates with energy. I can hear and take part in all that is going on in the stars and the planets. At this moment I am talking to you, yet I am also conversing with my friends in Mars and Saturn."

In "Japanese Prints" Mr. John Gould Fletcher has made a most interesting attempt to transplant the spirit of "hokku" poetry of the great Bashō (1644-1694) into American soil. His Preface, in which he describes this school of Japanese epigrammatic verse, contains severe, but justified criticism of the new school of American *vers libre* poets. Says Mr. Fletcher:—

"The object of hokku poetry was sane, universalized emotion derived from a natural fact. It is therefore necessary, if poetry in the English tongue is ever to attain again to the strength and vitality of its beginnings, that we sit once more at the feet of the Orient, and learn from it how little words can express, how sparingly they should be used, and how much is contained in the meanest natural object... If we do not want art to disappear under the froth of shallow egoism, we must learn the lesson Bashō can teach us. The thing we have to follow is not a form, but a spirit. Let us universalize our emotions as much as possible... Let us not gush about our fine feelings."

There is admirable sense in the above advice. The young American *vers libre* poets followed a true instinct in discarding the formalized verse forms that petrified American poetic talent in the 'seventies and 'eighties, but the great majority of these poets have run riot in anarchic triviality. And both "nature" and "character" have almost disappeared under "the froth of shallow egoism." Mr. Fletcher wants his countrymen to learn to observe before they sit down to draw. As to his own experiments, Mr. Fletcher remarks: "As for the poems themselves they are in some cases not Japanese at all, but all illustrate something of the charm I have found in Japanese poetry and art." This is just. And we may add that many of the poems are subtle in drawing and fine in feeling. They do crystallize for us often some "universalized emotion" derived, however, rather from Japanese art than from "nature." And here lies the barrier to Mr. Fletcher's complete success. We have not the associations in our Western consciousness which make a Japanese audience respond to their poets' imagery. Thus the following charming picture, one of Mr. Fletcher's best, is *diletante* in its appeal, since it springs from half-borrowed feeling:—

Masonobu—Early.

"She was a dream of morns, of fluttering handkerchiefs,
Of flying leaves, of parasols.
A riddle made to break my heart:
The lightest impulse
To her was more dear than the deep-toned temple bell.
She fluttered to my sword-hilt an instant,
And then flew away.
But who will spend all day chasing a butterfly?"

Can Mr. Fletcher apply the "hokku" method with equal felicity to mirror the image of a New York coquette? That is the real test for him. We repeat that many of his verses have a singular æsthetic charm, but, naturally, others fail, and even the best do not hold within them that intensity of life which only direct emotion can inspire. He is certainly on the right road; and we do not ourselves see any inherent reason why the American landscape, say, that inspired Mr. Robert Frost's fine poem, "The Mountain," should not be rendered equally successfully in "hokku" by Mr. Fletcher. We shall watch and wait. Meanwhile we are grateful for "Japanese Prints."

EDWARD GARNETT.

A SPORTIVE BIRD.

"A Pelican's Tale: Fifty Years of London and Elsewhere." By FRANK M. BOYD. (Herbert Jenkins. 15s. net.)

THERE is something especially appetising in the thought that the editor and proprietor of the "Pelican," which one's schoolfellows used to buy in the hope of learning about Life, was the son of the Minister of the First Charge of the Parish of St. Andrew's, whose ready generalizations on the same topic stood in rows on one's father's bookshelves. The complete works of A.K.H.B. gave satisfaction to many. His son's fluency is an inherited characteristic; and for twenty-eight years he steered his paper on a straight and prosperous course through an erratic world. The opening pages of these reminiscences contain all the necessary indications of the growth and the limitations of his mind. For he was, on the one hand, an evidently nice boy who, being discovered by a bishop with his cap and mouth full of crows' (Anglice rooks') eggs, was moved by the words, "You see I am an old man, and it is a great pleasure to me to see and hear the crows. If anyone took their eggs they might fly away, and I should miss their going very much"; and risked his life to put back the eggs, and (in his own words) "constituted myself the special guardian of the bishop's rookery, and shed my blood in its defence on several notable occasions in combat with would-be marauders." He is, too, able to suggest, with apparent gravity, that public school education should be humanized by the inclusion of hints to "older boys in their last term" on such high matters as "the correct amount which waiters ought to be tipped at the various restaurants," or "how to politely fend off the would-be borrower."

It was from such a mixed soil of chivalry and knowingness that the curious London night life of the 'eighties and 'nineties sprang. For the last time, then, perhaps, peers and pugilists, coachmen and courtiers, the red-blooded music-hall artiste and the pale, perfect aristocrat were wont to meet in the club without embarrassment and to prolong the evening into the day with studious irregularity. The highest sanction was not wanting; Prince Florizel was known to grace such occasions with his presence.

"The Pelican," its name settled by the spin of a coin produced by a duke's heir, was to be the mirror of that world, a paper for men-about-town. "I made up such mind as I possessed," says Mr. Boyd, "that the policy of 'The Pelican' should be fairly smart and spicy—hateful words, but I know of none better to explain my present meaning—and at the same time, though not being too indefinite, to make as few enemies as possible and as many friends as I could."

No history seems so ancient as the town-talk of a generation ago. Mr. Boyd lifts the curtain, not on so exquisite a comedy as Mr. Beerbohm's "1880," but on the rapid succession of the scenes in which he had a share. He was in at the famous trials of the time, saw the doctrine of fine form in art receive its deathblow in the downfall of Wilde, and the Muswell Hill murderers grapple with each other in the dock. He has watched star succeed star in the changing firmament of the stage. He recalls the old brightness of Kate Vaughan, Nellie Farren, Bessie Bellwood, Lottie Collins; can compare Arthur Roberts with Mr. George Robey; and at a Gaiety first-night supper descried the faint radiance of Miss Gladys Cooper, "a very pretty and very young lady, who was probably about sixteen or so." The tunes of the period, which held entranced such spirits as "most of the younger portion of the House of Lords, pretty well the entire list of officers of the Household Brigade, all the best known and cheeriest artists, actors, authors, and sportsmen," included "If I were Only Long Enough," "Lend me a Cab-fare, Duckie," and the melody which, by Mr. Boyd's account, won the favorable attention of Queen Victoria, "Come Where the Booze is Cheaper."

It was an age which seems enormously remote, more chivalrous, more brutal, more reckless, and in its curious admixture of certain classes, more levelling than our own. The newspaper was much the same. The fame and circulation of "The Pelican" spread when the public exhausted in a week the first edition of the number that contained an exclusive account of the Tranby Croft baccarat scandal. Another noble house was taking its rise from the fortunes of a journal, of which Mr. Boyd purchased a first issue from

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The landings of goods at their own wharves in the past year amounted to nearly 600,000 tons, being almost double the quantity landed in 1913. He noticed that at the annual luncheon of the Commercial Motor Users' Association, held on the 2nd inst., Sir Frederick Black gave the total imports of petroleum spirit into this country for 1918 as 643,582 tons. It might interest the shareholders to know that more than half that quantity—namely, 65 per cent.—was landed by their Company. The Board were now pressing on with developments which had been delayed by the war, and they were determined to anticipate the requirements of the trade. They hoped in the immediate future to deal with the housing question in a substantial manner, so that the Company might do its part in helping to improve the conditions under which its employees lived.

Referring to the position of the Company's shares on the Stock Exchange, he said that certain rumours appeared to have got about which had no foundation in fact, and he need hardly say that the Board were in no way responsible for the gambling which had apparently taken place in the shares. At the same time, it must be apparent to the shareholders that the assets stood in the balance-sheet at very moderate figures, and that the Company was in a strong position.

The motion was unanimously carried.

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a hawk on Ludgate Hill. And a good circulation, in Mr. Boyd's view, is the principle end of man:—

"The editor and chief proprietor of 'Answers' was my very good friend, Lord Northcliffe, then Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, and there is no need to tell here of the wonders he and those with him have created in newspaper-land and elsewhere. How many journals in London and the country the Associated Newspapers Ltd., and other Harmsworth Companies own and control, in addition to 'The Times,' 'The Daily Mail,' and 'The Evening News,' I do not profess to know, but it is interesting to reflect that they all grew out of 'Hanswers for Korrespondinks,' while, of course, the great fortune owned by the Harmsworth family, as well as the peerages of the two elder brothers, Alfred and Harold, so deservedly bestowed on them, owe a good deal, one way and another, to that curious and unlikely beginning."

Mr. Boyd's book is written in the manner of Miss Bates and Juliet's Nurse, the most brilliant exponents of the theory that one thing leads to another. We have resisted the temptation to pull out many of the plums; but this, if not the most spicy, is among the most succulent. There was a page-boy at the Pelican Club who wanted to better himself by going to the Athenæum:—

"The steward thereof put the lad through his paces and asked him a number of questions, which he answered in so satisfactory a manner, that a job was promptly offered to him then and there. But that was too one-sided an arrangement for the 'Pelican' boy. He wanted to know things also . . . and learning to his great amazement and disgust that there was no boxing at the 'Athenæum' on Sunday night, promptly declined the situation, and returned to the 'Pelican,' confiding to the Head Waiter there that he had decided to remain in Gerrard Street as 'At the 'Athenæum' they were no class.'"

Mr. Boyd knows everything about his world (except that Wykehamists are not called "Winchester boys"), and it may seem surprising that he should have kept a list of suicides he had known, and found at least thirty-seven names to put in it. It is his only reminder to us that to move in a society too light and too warm is to become oversusceptible to the darkness and the cold which are the plain man's lot.

THREE NAMES.

"The Jervaise Comedy." By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins. 6s. net.)

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"*Christopher and Columbus*." By the AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN." (Macmillan. 7s. net.)

MR. BERESFORD's new book is as enigmatic as some readers think it necessary for a book to be. But there is less controversy about a novel which is not deliberately so. If Mr. Beresford's comedy reminds us of a centaur, man at one end and horse at the other, or of a pony with its hind parts painted with zebra stripes, we imagine he would declare it was all like "automatic writing," and that he personally had nothing to do with centaurs and ponebras. The explanation is as follows: "The Jervaise Comedy" begins as a highly artificial mosaic or decorative pattern, in the manner of the French "well-made play," in which the reader's attention is occupied not by a philosophy of life or the contact of imagination with reality or character with environment, but simply by the elegance of the design from the point of view of combining and harmonising certain lines and figures in such a way as to give æsthetic satisfaction. Our criticism here is not so irrelevant as to examine either psychology or probability; we are looking at a very clever piece of figure-work. But then, to our bewilderment, the method of the story suddenly shifts its orbit and we find ourselves confronted by a conflict of social forces and inequalities.

In the first part of the book we feel that the material is not sufficiently unreal; in the second that it is not sufficiently real. The time of the story only embraces a week-end, and that is spent by a dramatist at the house of the Jervaises, landed proprietors, with nothing to them but acreage. Then Brenda, the youngest daughter, is thought to run away with the chauffeur who is the son, returned from Canada, of the Jervaise's tenant farmer, Banks. But the lovers decide to face it out and the playwright, after being landed in a series of entertaining misfortunes owing to his neutrality, falls in love with Miss Banks, espouses the Banks's cause, realizes that he has done

nothing but saunter through life writing tissue-paper plays for the stalls, and when the Jervaise family has been rolled back in sullen defeat, departs with the entire Banks family for Canada and honest toil. There is both ingenuity and humor in "The Jervaise Comedy," but it lacks the depth and insight we expect from Mr. Beresford.

Readers of poetry may have pursued the "flying skirts of the storm," but for superior athleticism give me, says the novel-reader, the flying skirts of Sylvia. This modern young Atalanta, the public will be glad to know, shows no signs of broken-windedness. We left her in "Sylvia Scarlett" in a cab ominously rumbling to Charing Cross Station. When she is in Petrograd, recovering from typhus, the war breaks out and all this volcanic energy of drunken Titans seems to set Sylvia whirling and plunging the faster. We cannot conceive how she can find time to address us her voluminous mental "middle" and leading articles in the vortex of her career. Her creator only draws the line in limiting her to Eastern Europe, and in particular to Roumania and Bulgaria, where she is equally at home dancing in cabarets, rescuing Undines from the underworld and losing them again, and dashing about on a pony with Bulgarian comitadjis. In Nish she rescues our old, old, very old friend Michael Fane from typhus, and after hairbreadth escapes with him by land and sea, they are left for a blessed five minutes of repose on Samothrace, contemplating "the commonplace of marriage." In the old days Mr. Mackenzie was, as everybody knows, an adherent of the "realistic" school, and there is no doubt that his astonishing productivity and agility fitted him for taking a transcript of an acutely complex, crowded, and agitated world. But Time has outdistanced even Mr. Mackenzie. Sylvia is no more to us now than she was a thousand pages ago, though Mr. Mackenzie does make an effort to soften and mellow her singularly metallic, acrid, obtusely clever, arrogant, and repellent personality. But she is too quick for him. The consequence is that we cease to care a button about Sylvia, and let her go without more than a passing compassion for Michael, to whom (loving passionately) she talks like this:—

"You were talking to me the other day about your contemplative experiences, and you were saying how entirely your purely intellectual and spiritual progress conformed to the well-trodden mystical way. You added, of course, that you did not wish to suggest any comparison with the path of greater men, but allowing for conventional self-depreciation, you left me to suppose that you were content with your achievement."

"Sylvia and Michael" has some good things in it—able and penetrating generalizations, pointed and graphic descriptions, narrative vigor, wealth of illustration, acute criticism. But it is no more a work of art than is an official document. It is not a book at all, but a bookshop, with as little order and as much variety, as little purpose, philosophy, and meaning, and as much inconsequence. Only one single, unifying quality it possesses, interpenetrating all its parts, and that is zest.

"Christopher and Columbus" is so plainly an obliging concession to what the public is presumed to want—in other words, a potboiler—that it needs little criticism here. Put yourself in the place of this public, and there's your book. But the turn is performed by a woman of brains and character, which make the best of the job and relieve or mar it—according to the point of view—by some scattered pieces of a genuine observation of life.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The War in Africa, 1914-1917: and In the Far East, 1914." By H. C. O'NEILL. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

MR. O'NEILL's is strictly a military history. It is one of the best of the war, and it is not easy to say how it could be improved upon within its limit of size. Careful study of books and official documents, with lucidity and restraint in composition, have made a volume of interest to the general reader and of value for reference. The war in Europe overshadowed the campaigns in the German colonies; otherwise, as Mr. O'Neill reminds us, the world would have been thrilled by these struggles which epitomized centuries of warfare. Besides the human enemy the Allies had to face

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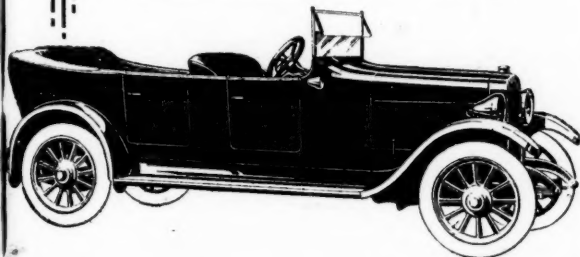
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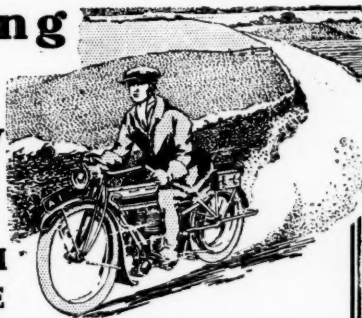
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the formidable obstacles of dense jungle, waterless territories, fever-ridden swamps, dysentery, pneumonia, and wild animals. The first German colony to fall was Togoland, which is a little larger than Ireland. It was captured in the first month of the war. The last was German East Africa, largest of the enemy colonies, with a frontier half as long again as all the battle-fronts in Europe put together. The Germans had a large force at their disposal, and for eighteen months no serious attempt was made at conquest. Two-thirds of the British troops were white men fresh to the country, and malaria and dysentery wrought havoc among them. During the last three months of 1916 the bulk of them had to be evacuated and replaced by African troops. The campaign did not end till December of the next year, the German commander getting every ounce of advantage out of his positions. The importance of the enemy's islands in the Pacific was chiefly of a naval character. The speed and completeness with which they were occupied and rendered harmless, Mr. O'Neill considers one of the finest achievements of the Allies. With the collapse of Kiaochau the German flag disappeared from the Far East.

Of special interest is the account of the conquest of South-West Africa. Here the formation of the vast territory dictated the plan of campaign carried out by General Botha, who knew by experience the only kind of warfare which would ensure success there. Mr. O'Neill says, by the way, that the fact seems to be established that it was possible to transmit direct to Berlin by the great wireless station at Windhoek. The whole of the remarkable invasion here—where lack of water was the deadliest enemy—was carried out by volunteer forces, Boers, British, and adventurers who had drifted to South Africa. No Army Commander has given a clearer demonstration of the success of solid organization than did General Botha in this campaign.

Kamerun, that great unhealthy tract of territory, took eighteen months to overcome. Mr. O'Neill writes: "The coast-line is fringed with a border of mangrove swamp which merges inland into dense forest country. Alligators wallow in the swamps, ever ready for the unwary, and in the forests the natural difficulties of proceeding with a long line of carriers were added to by the gorillas, baboons, and elephants. In one engagement both sides were put to flight by a frenzied elephant, and in another wild bees succeeded in accomplishing what the Germans were unable to do." The maps of this volume are indispensable to any student of the war in Africa. They betray research by a particularly accurate and patient mind.

* * *

"Desperate Germany." By ERNEST LIONEL PYKE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

MR. PYKE, who is a London auctioneer and estate agent, chose Bad Homburg for his summer holiday in 1914. Consequently he spent the next three years interned at Ruhleben. His book does not differ much from that of other unfortunate prisoners in Germany, but he saw a little more of the country than the others, since, as Inspector of Kitchens, he was able, two or three times a month, to travel into Berlin to make purchases. What he saw during the last year of imprisonment was that Germany was starving. Writing before the Armistice of conditions before March, 1918, he says: "The mass of German people are now, in actual fact, faced with the awful task of keeping body and soul together on a dietary the main constituents of which are very bad bread, swedes, and a frequently failing supply of potatoes. . . . The German has tickets but no food. The whole food-card system is breaking down, because there is so often no food with which to honor the cards."

* * *

"Annesley of Surat." By ARNOLD WRIGHT. (Melrose 10s. 6d.)

MR. WRIGHT's history is of the personal kind. He is interested in the "human element." He would not himself insist that the characters which move through his pages are desirable—even the chief one, Samuel Annesley. His story is one of traders of small probity, officials of small character, pirates, loot, and wantonness as a prelude to the establishment of British dominion in Western India. The corrupt despotism of the Mogul Emperors is presented

in convincing colors, but it appears to be only a shade worse than the conduct of some of the servants of the puritanical East India Company at the end of the seventeenth century. The prejudice felt against Captain Kidd does not appear to be altogether unreasonable. What is attractive in Mr. Wright's narrative is the atmosphere of adventure. He shatters the romance round the name of Samuel Annesley, a brother-in-law of Samuel Wesley. There is no longer a mystery about his death, nor any doubt that his great wealth was a myth. So a tradition in the Wesley family disappears. We are glad that Mr. Wright's researches did not result in this discovery before "Q." wrote "Hetty Wesley" or we should have lost a fine story.

* * *

"Three Years of World Revolution." By PAUL LENSCH. (Constable. 5s.)

"J. E. M." who writes the preface, says this book is among the most valuable mirrors of the German mind. It is not. It is no more than Mr. George's conception of political principle is a reflection of Liberal ideas in this country. Dr. Lensch begins his work with an error. He derides those who predicted that the war would kindle a revolutionary movement: "it is only in countries which are backward in their capitalistic development—for instance, Ireland and Russia—that revolutions are apt to break out." The only plea the author could make is that he wrote this in 1917, which is rather an abject excuse for a prophet. Dr. Lensch is a Jingo and an Anglophobe, and his writings set forth the ambitions of Pan-Germanism, mixed up in confusion with tags of Socialist doctrine. As an interpretation of Socialist thought in Germany it is as valuable as a demonstration by Mr. Blatchford, with the activities of the British Workers' League to back him, of the aims of the Socialist movement in this country.

The Week in the City.

THERE is very little to report from the City. The Stock Exchange was closed on Saturday after a fairly active week, and on Monday dullness supervened. The financial methods of the Government are based upon inflation, and the artificial cheapness of money continues, with short loans varying from 2½ to 3 per cent. New issues are pouring forth with great and dangerous rapidity, and it must be remembered that the Government is still borrowing for war purposes far more than the people are saving. The London Chamber of Commerce has just issued a report in favor of restoring the gold standard, and also suggesting some changes in the Bank Act of 1844. Home Railways are suffering from uncertainty as regards the proposals for nationalization. There is much disgust at the increase in the Civil Service estimates from nine to seventeen millions sterling, the only improvement being a reduction on the Secret Service from one million to £200,000. Grand Trunk stocks are recovering. Consols are barely steady round about 50.

BANK AS ISSUING HOUSE.

The issue of £1,000,000 5 per cent. (tax free) debentures of Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company is notable because the issue is made directly by the National Provincial and Union Bank of England. The Bank has acquired the whole of the debentures at the same price at which it offers them to the public, namely, par, and receives as payment a commission of 4½ per cent. Out of this the Bank pays away underwriting, overriding, and brokerage charges amounting in all to 2½ per cent., and bears all the expenses of the issue. Palmer's profits have been rising rapidly, and the company should have years of high pressure work ahead with which the proceeds of this issue will enable it to cope to better and more profitable purpose. The debentures are well secured, and are especially attractive to those who foresee a long continuance of high income tax rates.

STOCK EXCHANGE FINANCE.

The recently published report of the Stock Exchange shows that in order to pay the declared dividend of £2 10s. per share, the carry forward is drawn on to the extent of £24,000. Profits were £26,000, and the dividend absorbs £50,000. But after this little inroad the carry forward remains very high at £178,500. The Stock Exchange has passed through four years of dwindling membership, but, like the universities, is picking up very fast. Stock Exchange shares, which at one time during the war could have been bought for a five pound note, are now quoted around £112, and members are talking of a £6 per cent. dividend for the current year.

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